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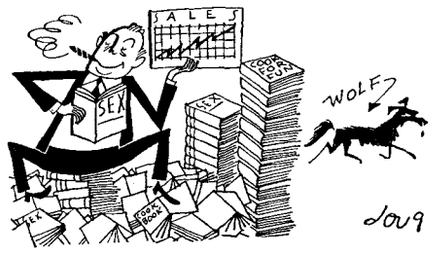
TRADE Winds

IF YOU WOULD like to add a few delectable novelties to your home menus, and are not too concerned about the expense thereof, I heartily recommend Mildred Knopf's new "Perfect Hostess Cook Book," sensibly packaged, and with the most attractive jacket I ever have seen on a book in this category. The first recipe we tried at our house, the Beignets Soufflés (page 325) was a triumphant success, with only one serious consequence. Quent Reynolds gained four pounds. . . . Other new cook books making the cash registers tinkle are the Betty Crocker loose-leaf compilation and Ruth Teague's "Cooking for Company." And two nobby New York restaurants are about to get into the act. Nicky de Quattrociocchi, the walls of whose El Borracho on E. 55th St. are covered with the imprints of beautiful ladies' lips, has prepared "Love and Dishes" for Bobbs-Merrill. And Viking has signed for a "21" cook book, cataloguing the delicacies that attract to this exclusive spot the glamour pusses of Park Avenue, Piccadilly, and Sunset Boulevard, who in turn attract thousands of lesser fry (who can't get in). . . . When a publisher's lot becomes really desperate, he can always



turn the wolf from the door with a well-illustrated sex manual or a well-edited cook book! . . .

Mildred Knopf's book, of course, will be published by her distinguished brother-in-law, Alfred, just home from a tour of the vineyards of France and hiding behind a mustache that makes Jerry Colonna's pale into insignificance. Companions on his tour included Philippe (major domo of the Waldorf), Stanley Marcus, Alexis Lichine (who will record his findings in a Borzoi book), and J. P. McEvoy. Mac was instructed in the fine art of wine tasting by Philippe. "You take a little in the front of your mouth," said Philippe, "swish it around, draw in some air with a kind of slurp, and then spit it out." "You mean," said the outraged McEvoy, "that after coming 3,000 miles for this I can't even drink it?" "Certainly not," Philippe assured him. "Just slurp! Before you finish, you'll have tasted thirty or forty wines a day. If you swallow the stuff you'll go home on your elbows." Mac decided to swallow any-

how, and isn't off his elbows yet. . . . Mr. Knopf, meanwhile, was busy catching *Life* magazine up in a horrendous blunder. "I must protest misstatement of fact in your article about the Duc de Montesquiou's chateau," he thundered in a letter duly printed by the shamefaced editors. "You say Armagnac is 'a potent, plum-flavored, twenty-year-old liquor made by his family.' No plums whatever go into the making of Armagnac, a distillate of wines grown in the Armagnac district in Southwestern France. These wines are made from grapes—chiefly the Pique-Poul, Jurancon Blanc, and Blanquette de Limoux varieties. Its characteristic taste is largely imparted to it by the Armagnac oak barrels in which it is aged." . . . Now that all that is straightened out, Mr. K. will devote himself to promoting one of the really distinguished novels of the year, "The Twenty-fifth Hour," by C. Virgil Gheorghiu (a sensation in Europe), and discharging the duties of his new post on the Advisory Board on National Parks, Historic Sites, Buildings, and Monuments. I hope, too, he'll find time to chide his impetuous offspring, Patrick, for borrowing the name of a neighboring competitor in titling a new juvenile by Colonel S. P. Meek. "Surfman" is what it says on the cover—and it didn't help matters either when the neighboring competitor discovered that Surfman "is a golden Chesapeake retriever." . . .

DONALD CLARK quotes a Columbia professor's appraisal of a high-flying colleague: "Such time as he can spare from the adornment of his person he devotes to the neglect of his profession." . . . Bob Haas has invented a new game which gives publishers another excuse for neglecting manuscripts on their desks. Every player is provided with an unindexed dictionary. Somebody calls out a word at random. The players attempt to open their dictionary at the precise page on which the word is listed. The one who comes closest wins all the marbles. It isn't as easy as you think! . . . Quincy Howe has been appointed visiting associate professor of journalism at the University of Illinois. . . . When it comes to book selling, Bill Hobson is known as the Phoenix Best. Now, with a supporting cast of five, he's thrown his ten-gallon sombrero into the publishing arena. The firm name is Hobson & Herr, specializing in "authentic Southwestern Americana." Its first book, naturally, will be a history of Arizona, by Rufus K. Wyllys. . . .

THOSE fast-spreading science-fiction stories now are referred to by the trade as "space operas." It strikes me that a couple of the wildest—and most successful—of them have been appearing under the wrong category on the best-seller lists. . . . Which reminds me that somebody (a Scully maid perchance) has opened a new diner outside Los Angeles and christened it "The Flying Saucer." Nor could a Mr. Geiger, proprietor of

an upstate soft-drink emporium, resist changing its name from "Dew Drop Inn" to "The Geiger Counter." . . . Cowl Rider tells about two microbes who struck up a friendship at an authors' conclave. One finally proposed, "Let's make love in Ernest." . . . John Valentine, dealer in rare books and autographs, was in the office of his Chicago confrere, Walter Hill, when a rich and querulous gentleman was trying to chisel on the price of a rare volume. His final argument was, "Remember, Walter, I've spent a lot of money with you." "You have," admitted Hill, "and all I have is your money. But dammit, you have my BOOKS." . . .

POETRY DEPARTMENT: Dove Dulcet, a toothsome morsel who bears an uncanny resemblance to our own Chris Morley, discovered a first edition of Thomas Hardy's "A Pair of Blue Eyes" on the ten-cent counter of a 47th St. book store the other day, and joyously tossed off this little poem of thanksgiving:

Most other passions far beyond
Is grandmother-love, insanely fond;

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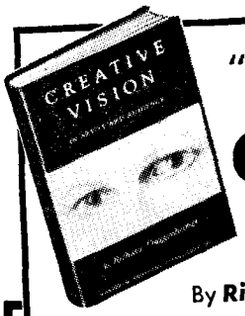

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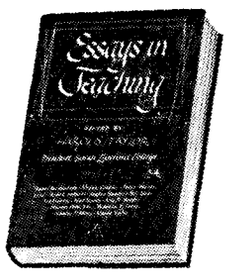

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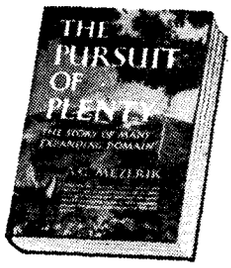

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Notes J. S. Newman:

My conservative friends are alive with alarm,
For it gives them a horrible fright
To observe that what's right in my thinking is "LEFT"
And what's left of their thinking is "RIGHT."

Reflects Richard Armour:

We wait—and though the wait be long,
It will be worth the cost—
Till someone asks the Book Find Club
To find a book that's lost.

Sighs Alice Bullock:

If the ad copy writers
Would only write the book
We'd get more pungent plotting
Instead of being took!

And appeals Mr. F. Brown-Browne, P. O. Box 333, Santa Barbara, Calif.:

Robert Louis Stevenson's stepdaughter, Tenila Field, at the age of fifteen, found the following bit of verse. Through the years (and she is now past ninety) she has tried in vain to find the author's name and the rest of the poem. I turn to TRADE WINDS readers for help:

Not by appointment
Do we meet Delight and Joy.
They heed not our expectancy,
But round some corner of the street of Life
They on a sudden
Greet us with a smile.

Well? . . .

A WISE and highly placed official of the FBI recently observed, "We must teach Americans today to differentiate between liberals left of center and Communists." A lot of books are attempting just that this fall — also emphasizing the even greater difference between the ideological concept of Communism and the governmental system in vogue in the Soviet Union today. Excellent example: "Soviet Politics: The Dilemma of Power," by Barrington Moore, Jr. (Harvard University Press). . . . Elmer Davis says that a successful businessman goes to Washington, takes a fraction of the salary he is accustomed to, works ten times as hard, and at the end of two weeks, to all his former friends, is just another damned bureaucrat. . . . William Faulkner, meanwhile, reports that an unreconstructed rebel in Oxford, Mississippi, just wrote off the entire Northern effort in the Civil War with an airy, "Shucks, if the South had had the atom bomb, we'd have licked those damyanks in a matter of weeks."

—BENNETT CERF.

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One day in 1890,

an English boy, shy and appealing, stepped off a boat at Halifax. Sewed to the back of his coat was an oilcloth sign: "This is Ludar Prentice. He has no money. He is going to his father at Balfour, Ontario. BE KIND TO HIM."

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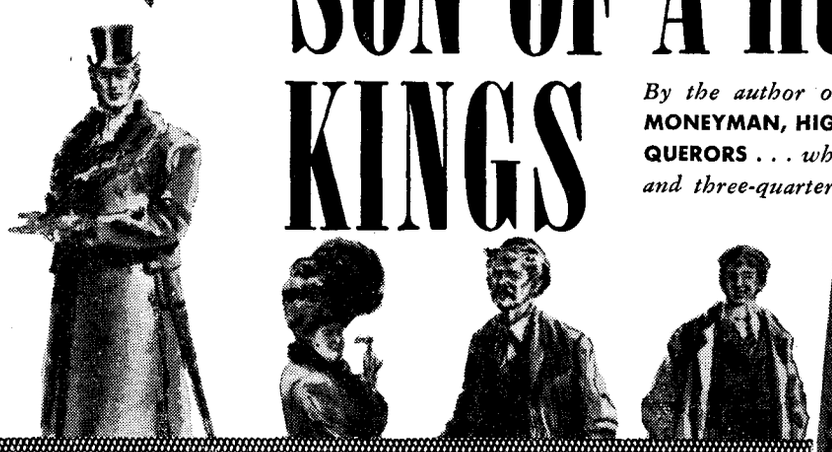

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Why Advertise God's Country?

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

—Justus in *The Minneapolis Star.*

"We Need a Larger Megaphone."

—Tom Gray in the *Chicago Sun-Times.*

"'My,' said Alice, 'everything is backward.'"

—Burck in the *Chicago Sun-Times.*

"The Race Is to the Swift."

AT ITS simplest, the present world division is a conflict of ideas. Politics, military preponderance, economic pressures are all heavily involved. But at the bottom is the opposition of two philosophies. In the last analysis the cold war is a struggle for the minds of men.

Therefore, to win this struggle and preserve the way of freedom, the United States must not only organize military and economic preponderance but create the biggest and best information service in the world. By information I mean a mixture of propaganda and psychological warfare.

The line between these two is difficult to draw. Propaganda in the widest sense includes all purposeful communication. Psychological warfare generally suggests the support of military objectives by other, largely verbal instruments. But which is which in a cold war? We may readily recognize the Trojan horse as the most successful example of psychological warfare in all history. Left alone outside the gates of Troy, Sinon the Greek talked the Trojans into carrying the wooden statue filled with Greek warriors inside the hitherto impregnable walls and released them during the night to take the city. This ended the hot war against Troy.

But what was Moses's successful use of miracles and persuasion to induce Pharaoh to release the people of Egypt—propaganda or psychological warfare?

I shall call *propaganda* verbal efforts to reassure already friendly peoples and to win over undecided ones and shall label *psychological warfare* verbal efforts to confound Communists and prepare their victims for ultimate release.

The United States of America falls conspicuously short of being a Garden of Eden. In respect to art and learning, to the level of taste and of manners, perhaps to human virtue, our country lags behind one or another foreign nation. Yet though it has produced few saints, philosophers, or universal geniuses, America has made to human well-being three invaluable contributions: a society without fixed status (for 85 per cent of the inhabitants); a successful demonstration of political federation, and specific techniques of mass production that have revolutionized material living. On balance, the USA can favorably stand comparison with all other nations. It has much to be proud of, nothing to hide, and not too much to regret. The proof is that it has remained the Mecca of average human beings everywhere. Only stringent laws against immigration here and restrictions against emigration abroad are preventing our society from being flooded by more millions in quest of the abundant life.

One might expect to find the USA the most internationally esteemed of countries. Certainly, in a contest of prestige and popularity, we ought to be far ahead of a spiritually benighted, politically tyrannical, and physically backward country like the USSR.

Perhaps we are. Yet it is likely that as many of the leaders of the world's backward two-thirds now look to Moscow for guidance as to Washington. What is more disturbing, many highly educated individuals in all countries equate the USA and the USSR in a common dislike. Past efforts to bring the non-Communist countries into the American camp have stumbled over these attitudes. They have to be changed if the Peace Coalition is to be constructed. The

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question is "how best to change them?"

The most obvious answer is "by the same method used in establishing them." I refer to the diffusion of information.

In the course of the last thirty-odd years the Soviet Union has vastly enhanced its own reputation and diminished that of its adversaries by the volume, skill, and perseverance of its propaganda.

Soviet propaganda, like that of Nazi Germany, has been happily uninhibited by any respect for fact. It has proceeded by distorting an observation of Francis Bacon: "For it is by discourse that men associate and words are imposed according to the apprehension of the vulgar. And therefore the ill and unfit choice of words wonderfully obstructs the understanding."

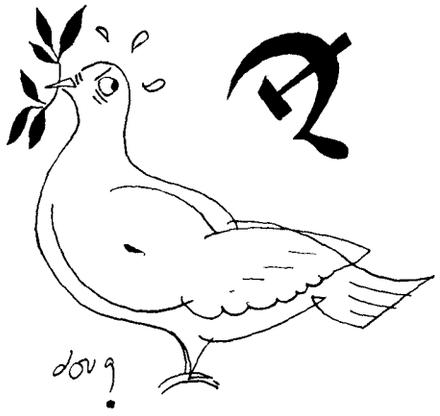
The English philosopher did not foresee that a whole country would seek to obstruct the understanding not only of its own people but of all others. He could hardly have suspected that the heads of a great state would systematically employ "ill and unfit" (meaning misleading) words for this purpose. Yet Adolf Hitler both affirmed and demonstrated that the bigger the lie the more people will believe it. How far the Russian leaders will push distortion has been horrifyingly caricatured by George Orwell in the three basic slogans of his ultratotalitarian Oceania—Air Strip One:

WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

Taking the lie as a political principle, Soviet spokesmen have since 1918 sought to mislead the gullible into overrating the Soviet Union and the benefits of Communism and into despising and underestimating all other countries and systems. Poor as the USSR has been, it has always found ample money for propaganda along with armament. After World War II this huge thirty-year investment began to pay off.

Far from being found out (its greatest danger), the Soviet Union now looms in the dreams of hundreds of millions not as a predatory slum society but as a happy star land. Until this stellar myth has been punctured Soviet Communism will probably continue to infect the thinking of non-Communist, even non-Socialist, individuals and peoples.

Strange as it may seem, the Americans who created modern advertising and commercial salesmanship have steadily lagged in international political salesmanship. At home our politicians have excelled at the propaganda game. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was America's greatest political manipulator. Yet during World War II he fell short abroad, not only of his allies and adversaries, but even of the austere Woodrow Wilson during World War I. In World War II both the United States and the United



Kingdom had impressive propaganda establishments. Yet the American organization, the Office of War Information, remained to the end largely British in inspiration and painfully provincial in content.

United States propaganda suffered not only from FDR's disbelief in it but also from opposition in the American armed services. The final report of the Army General Board ruefully acknowledged that with us propaganda had been "a neglected and ineptly used political and diplomatic weapon."

What might have been accomplished under an American President ready to give his chief propagandist Cabinet status as the head of an independent arm was demonstrated not only by the propaganda-minded Soviet Union but also by that genius of German distortion, Paul-Joseph Goebbels. This hate-fed dwarf both confused and disturbed his enemies. He coined vital phrases like the Iron Curtain (subsequently borrowed by Winston Churchill), which Goebbels predicted would cut Europe in two unless the Soviet Union were defeated. He kept German morale at a surprisingly high level despite fearful disappointments. He probably prolonged Germany's military resistance (for better or for worse!) by many months.

After the war maintaining a high-powered propaganda service was just about the last thing that the American Government dreamed of. President Truman returned from Potsdam in August 1945 convinced that, internationally, everything was lovely. No country that had dismissed its armed forces like school children rushing homeward when the bell rings could suppose that it was ending one conflict merely to embark on another and worse one.

Fortunately, the British Government never forgot the potential threat of Soviet verbal assault. During World War II His Majesty's Government had developed, mostly around the British Broadcasting Corporation, a remarkably competent staff of specialists. Amid all its subsequent austerity, it always managed to find the necessary funds for maintaining a full overseas information service well interspersed with high-class interpretation. While (largely) eschewing political warfare, British speakers labored to keep up the large informational following that their skilful wartime efforts had built up all over the world.

For the first two foolish years after the war America made little effort to rally anybody. Why should God's country advertise itself? Had war come at the end of 1946 an astonished America would have found itself fighting alone. The President, the Administration leaders, and the Congress still gagged at offering to foreigners and to "lesser breeds without the law" the attraction of partnership with the United States. Those who sniffed danger were ignored or derided.

During the last war year the Office of War Information, official instrument of American propaganda, disposed of some sixty million dollars. Once the war ended that office was promptly closed down. Part of its activities were transferred to the Department of State and part to those armed services which had so successfully held down its utility while the fighting was going on. Until 1949 publicity in the vital areas occupied by American armed forces actually was left to those forces!

A PROPAGANDA revival had to wait until the American people reluctantly acknowledged that their wartime ally, the USSR, had revealed itself as the enemy of freedom, democracy, and, in consequence, of the United States. The fresh start came in August 1947. Then the President named George V. Allen, former successful Ambassador to Iran and one-time newspaperman, as Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs. Under Mr. Allen a really good-sized organization was developed and gradually took over a large and important job. He was later succeeded by Edward W. Barrett, who had played an important role in the OWI during the war.

As organized, Public Affairs in the State Department consists of three branches. The smallest maintains a link with the United Nations Edu-

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cational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO). A second branch is primarily domestic in scope. It serves principally in keeping open a two-way channel between American foreign policy and policymakers and the American public. It informs the public concerning what the Administration is trying to do. It reports back to the Department of State and the President what the people are thinking on such matters.

The largest branch is engaged in promoting an International Information and Educational Exchange Program. This program again splits into two parts—an Office of Educational Exchange and an Office of International Information. The former pushes educational and social matters and evaluates the success or failure of the entire program. The latter handles international press and publications, international motion pictures, and international broadcasting. Here is located the Voice of America.

The Office of Educational Exchange is busy all over the world. A large number of offices in Washington and other American cities house its activities. In every American embassy and legation abroad special attachés work at propaganda under the heads of mission.

No branch of culture, learning, or information is overlooked. Both professors and students are exchanged. Foreign professional groups are brought to the United States for visits. American labor talks to labor abroad, American scientists to foreign scientists. Special news bulletins are wirelessed daily to American foreign-service officers for use in foreign newspapers. American periodicals are skimmed and the cream rushed for consumption overseas.

Private American citizens are pressed into cooperation wherever a Government label would reduce the effectiveness of the specific undertaking.

The United States Government maintains a large number of information and reading libraries in foreign parts. Special motion-picture operators travel constantly, showing American documentary films in remote districts where commercial films rarely arrive.

Yet of all propaganda instruments the most potent is unquestionably the Voice of America. Broadcasts go out in more than twenty languages. Sometimes they go direct via short wave. Sometimes they are relayed on medium or long wave from foreign stations closer to the targets.

American propaganda has been handicapped by lack of organization,

(*Continued on page* 36)

World War II. *It is a sad commentary on the recent course of world affairs that books which* SRL *in the past reviewed under the heading "The War" must now be given another caption to avoid being confused with the latest news. At any rate, here are half a dozen volumes—histories, memoirs, and monographs—which throw fresh light on the six-year conflict we now call World War II. Most important of them is "Calculated Risk," in which General Mark W. Clark, whose present assignment is the training of troops for battles that may be fought in the near future, reports on his hotly debated command of the Italian campaign. The struggle with Japan is seen through American and enemy eyes in Herbert Feis's "Road to Pearl Harbor" and Toshikazu Kase's "Journey to the* Missouri." *The Air Force provides another link in its monumental official history.*

A Four-Starred General's War

CALCULATED RISK. By Mark W. Clark. New York: Harper & Bros. 494 pp. $5.

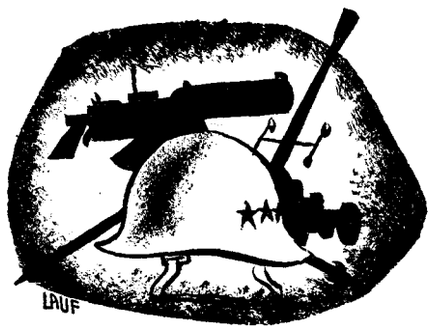
By S. L. A. Marshall

THERE is at least one passage in this book which the reader must prepare to take with two grains of salt. It comes at the beginning, where General Mark W. Clark explains why he happened to write his book.

He had never been a good writer of letters to his family. So one year ago he took Mrs. Clark on an air tour of the Mediterranean to show her the scenes of his World War II triumphs and to describe the personalities and incidents attending them. But the words wouldn't come because it was all done too swiftly and so many treasured memories were flooding his mind. To Mrs. Clark he said, "I'll tell you later."

So this tongue-tied General who couldn't give a good account of himself in the franked mail which he sent his family at last sat down to write a book in order that his wife would know.

This is the whimsical take-off to one of the most thoroughly organized, skilfully written, and informative military memoirs in our literature. It sustains interest to the final paragraph through a delicate balancing of humor, human-interest values, good descriptive reporting, unusual candor in part, and the frequent delivery of hard-boiled opinions on tactics, strategy, and politics, often quite arbitrary. If Mark W. Clark is not aware that his pen is as good as his sword, and perhaps cuts even cleaner, it would be a pity if public response to his writing did not so inform him.



I will not pledge that readers will warm positively to everything they see, but at least they will know what Mark W. Clark is like before they are finished with his book. He has not spared himself but has revealed many of his little vices, perhaps unconsciously, along with the virtues which gave him high-command qualifications. As a general he appears unduly concerned with the aura and the prerogatives of generalship. For example, the privilege of marching first into a conquered city was meat and drink to him, as it must have been to Caesar. Too, his self-confidence in the midst of chaos and confusion would appear to be almost limitless. He defends his own estimates and decisions with utter conviction, while at the same time striking out with such boldness against high-policy decisions with which he disagreed that the reader may feel tempted to wonder which portion of his judgment was prescient and which was simply hindsight. This is said in no critical spirit. The high merit of this book is that its author has delivered himself so freely as a witness, no matter where the chips fall.

The great interest in the Clark story develops mainly around these two circumstances, that he virtually pole-vaulted into high command as World War II began because of the Marshall-McNair-Eisenhower influences behind him, and that, having gained the

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vantage seat, he never thereafter missed an opening. He was ready for any dangerous job; he never undersold his own abilities. These breaks and qualities in combination got him to high places. And though they also engaged him in some of the hottest controversies of World War II, his head is neither bloodied now bowed.

All of this makes for powerful narrative, in which historic and human values are neatly intermingled. The general was a faithful diarist, keeping note not only of events but of his thoughts.

What makes the story move is the telling of how Clark made his own hot water and then learned to swim in it.

He accepted Darlan, and Eisenhower simply took the public buck.

He commanded at the near-disaster of Salerno; the plan, which was largely of his making seems greatly to have underestimated enemy capabilities.

He damned the Anzio operation after Winston Churchill had sired it. The baby came near being still-born.

To aid the landing at Anzio he sent the 36th Division into an attack against fixed defenses across the Rapido River; the Texas delegation has never liked him since.

Clark tells the inside of each of these controversial incidents from the viewpoint of the commander on the spot. He is a powerful self-advocate and, at least so far as the Darlan case goes, once the decision is put in context, and the strange nuances of the French struggle for power in North Africa are explained, he is thoroughly convincing. On the battle side, some of the arguments don't come off quite as well because dogmatic conclusions have been substituted for objective proof of the situation and the relation between one event and another.

Best of all are his candid portraits of many of the greats and near-greats of our time with whom he shared labors. He does this with evident relish and penetration.

Take this typical passage for instance: "Churchill's enthusiasm, which never lost its fascination for me, extended to his eating. Watching him at the table was an event. When the soup was put before him, he tackled it vigorously, his mouth about two inches from the liquid and his shoulders hunched over. He ate with a purring and slurping and his spoon went from mouth to plate so rapidly you could hardly see it until he was scraping the bottom of the bowl and bawling lustily, 'More soup!' Turning to his guests, he'd say, 'Fine soup, ain't it?'"

When a general writes with that kind of gusto, he can be charged with having missed his calling, though doing fairly well in his present spot. It's as easy to like as home cooking, and it gives one an irresistible desire to say, "Fine book, ain't it?"

THE AUTHOR: The knowledge of the casualties potential in a calculated risk—in terms of individual lives—"is one of the greatest burdens a commander has to bear," observes General Mark Wayne Clark, whose leadership of the 36th Division across the Rapido River Gehenna below Cassino provoked his men to demand a Congressional investigation of the "fiasco." Cleared by the War Department for his successful, if bloody, strategy to decoy the Germans from Anzio, Clark says, "When I realized the thousands that would be lost in Italy . . . well, it's not a happy memory. I don't belittle casualties at all. It hurts and hurts badly. But when you have a job to do it's got to be done." The invasion of North Africa was another of his "jobs" in the military career that has been his only ambition since his birth fifty-four years ago at Madison Barracks, N. Y., where his father was a colonel. Clark was supreme administrative authority in Austria, for which, as Deputy to the Secretary of State, he helped negotiate a treaty. Later in '47 he assumed command of the Sixth Army and the next year was named Forrestal's personal representative to carry out in the Far West the test of a national pilot program for Armed Forces unification. On October 1, 1949, General Clark became Chief of the Army Field Forces at Ft. Monroe, Va., where he is "busy as a bird dog" training all the combat elements of the Army. An international police force might ultimately, he thinks, obviate the necessity for strong national defenses, but "until we have seen more indications of implementation of solemn pledges we'd better keep a little insurance around. . . . I think the President's courageous directive that ground forces be used in Korea was just the sort of thing the aggressors understand. We've got the blue chips in the form of our airplanes and ships and fighting men, and that's the thing that will keep the peace." —R. G.

Pacific & CBI Theatres

THE ARMY AIR FORCES IN WORLD WAR II. Edited by Wesley Frank Craven and James Lea Cate. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. Vol. IV, 825 pp. $6.

By Oliver La Farge

THIS volume, the third to appear although the fourth on the Air Force's schedule, covers the air war in the various Pacific and China-Burma-India theatres from the desperate period of August 1942 to the triumphant occupation of the Marianas in mid-1944. Read today, when the news from Korea carries so much that is similar to the early chapters, it causes one strange sensations. At this particular time, too, it is curious to see General MacArthur's personality reflected in these pages as it is in the dispatches—his military genius, determination, and general strength, his vanity and egotism, his resistance to any higher discipline, and his love of favorable news reports.

Volume IV upholds the high standards of its two predecessors. It is superior in style and in selection of detail to Volume II. It maintains the same honesty, and avoids claiming for the Army Air Forces anything more than that which is justly due them. This balance is especially important in the Pacific narratives, which involve joint Army-Navy operations on the surface and in the air.

Several of the writers accept too uncritically what the units engaged in the actual missions claimed to have accomplished, although it is well known that such reports were often wildly exaggerated. Volume II devoted some space to this fact, and to the means by which accurate estimates of damage could be obtained; Drs. Watson and Rohfleisch, authors of the opening sections of the present volume, make a similar point in their notes. Others should follow suit.

The opening sections, covering from the Guadalcanal campaign to the neutralization of Rabaul, as well as Dr. Cole's treatment of the Aleutians Campaign, and Drs. Weaver and Bowen's treatment of the China-Burma-India activities, stand out for readability, sound organization which retains proper emphasis, vividness, and good selection. I especially like the bluntness which leads Dr. Weaver to write, of two enterprises over Burma, "Bad bombing and the enemy's accidental meeting with returning American fighters turned the mission into a fiasco," and, "Possibly, if considered as a campaign of attrition [the medium bomber campaign],

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could be called successful, for the enemy had at least begun to feel the effects of regular bombings. But as a preparation for an all-out ground attack to reconquer Burma, it was a failure."

One resents the decision to exclude from the glossary any abbreviations or code words explained in other volumes, a practice which in the end will require readers to search through seven volumes for the meaning of such terms as DUKW or LARKSPUR. Similarly, the editors' steadfast refusal to give even a brief descriptive table of the many types of aircraft—American, Allied, and enemy—mentioned will soon lead to incomprehensibility for any reader not supplied with elaborate sources of reference.

There are thirty-four maps (the last of which is not listed in the contents) but the coverage is poor. Many are badly drawn, much the best being those by Miss Lanier. They are repetitious and incomplete. Too many places often mentioned cannot be found, or can be found only by intensive searching in some map many pages from the point of most important mention. I found it easier to follow the events in the Pacific on the National Geographic Society's map of that area. One or two such large maps, folding out, would be infinitely superior to what is provided.

With full allowance for its faults, this volume continues a thorough and invaluable record. It is an achievement of unusual quality for a combined effort of numerous writers. To a notable degree each of them has been able to keep his treatment of his special subject in proportion to the greater whole.

Underground from Stalag Luft III

THE GREAT ESCAPE. By Lt. Paul Brickhill. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 264 pp. $3.

By Edmund Fuller

"UNBELIEVABLE" is an abused word nowadays, too often telling us the wonders wrought by soap flakes. Yet unbelievable is an important word for Lieut. Brickhill's chronicle of the Great Escape, for that is just what such a tale would be but for the grim record that it happened.

Stalag Luft III was a German prison camp, at Sagan, near the Polish border, for captive officers of the British and American air forces. A few other nationalities were represented by the circumstance of enrollment in these forces. Certainly Stalag Luft III has a unique spot in the history of World War II. Surely no captors ever found themselves more harassed by their charges. The imprisoned airmen constructed several tunnels, through one of which seventy-six men made a mass escape. All Germany felt the repercussions. Lieut. Brickhill's beautifully written book is the record of it.

Lieut George Harsh, one of the Americans in the camp, states the circumstances well in his introduction to the book:

> But it is the duty of any officer in time of war, should he have the bad fortune to be taken prisoner, to do all in his power to escape. If escape is impossible it then becomes his duty to do everything within his means to force the enemy to employ an inordinate number of soldiers to guard him, to do all he can to harass the enemy and to convince his captors that they have caught a very large, very active, and troublesome bear by a slippery tail.

A sense of that game illuminates this book with laughter along with fiendish glee and astonishment at the ingenuity involved, and a tremendous suspense. Then, with the accomplishment of the mass escape, a grim and tragic aftermath brings us up sharply. Hitler was driven into one of his maniac rages by the feat and himself gave the order for the murderous reprisal in violation of the Geneva Convention, which led, at last, to one of the major war crimes trials.

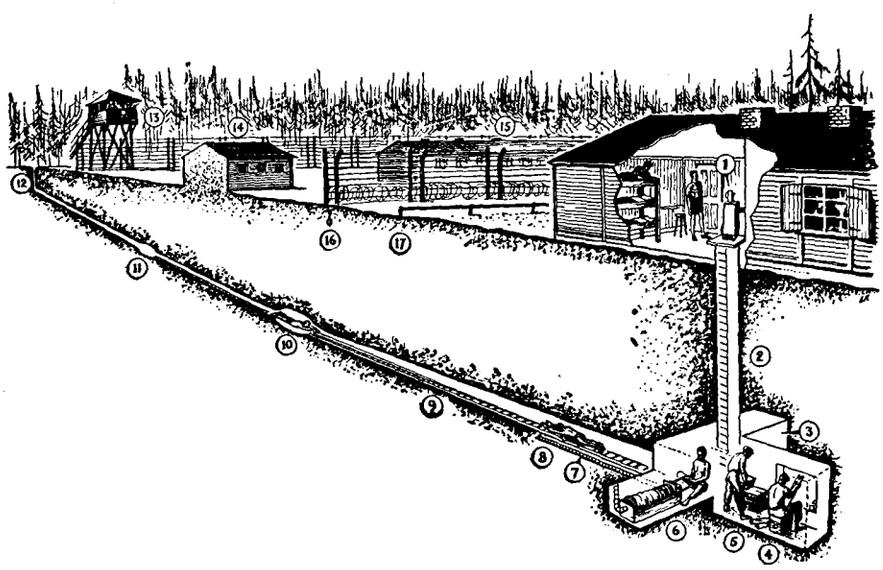
The details of the engineering and equipping of this break are overwhelming. Ample illustrations help to show the techniques. Three tunnels were sunk thirty feet into sand, then extended hundreds of feet. Tons of give-away yellow sand had to be dispersed. The tunnels were shored every inch of their way and bad cave-ins happened anyhow. The tunnels were lighted, were ventilated by a pumping system, and had miniature mine trolleys running on rails. The tools and materials were improvised.

Concealed "factories" produced quantities of compasses, maps, fake guns, German civilian clothes, and uniforms complete with special buttons, and more than 400 passes and other identity papers were forged so well as to defy anything but minute scrutiny.

All these things were achieved while the Germans knew very well that such tunnels were being constructed. Occasionally they found one, but the "X" organization was so skilful that ruthless daily searches and investigations, constant spying, and electronic detection devices were helpless to prevent the escape.

Stalag Luft III mustered an extraordinary roster of men. It was in the East Compound of the same camp, while the big tunnel was under construction, that Eric Williams and two other men escaped through an ingenious tunnel started out in the open under cover of a wooden vaulting horse carried in and out daily. This was described in Williams's excellent book "The Wooden Horse."

"The Great Escape" deserves reading for the story's sake alone, as a special part of the war history, and for the pride British and American readers can take justly in this record of human spirit and morale and indefatigable ingenuity on the part of their fellow countrymen.



—From "The Great Escape"

"Harry": 1. Trap door under stove. 2. Entrance shaft. 3. Storage space. 4. Finishing bedboards for shoring. 5. Wooden sandboxes. 6. Air-pump chamber. 7. Air pipe under tunnel floor. 8. Man on trolley. 9. Wooden rails. 10. Halfway house No. 1 ("Piccadilly Circus"). 11. Halfway house No. 2 ("Leicester Square"). 12 Exit shaft. 13. Goon box. 14. Cooler. 15. Hospital. 16. Sound detector under barbed wire. 17. Warning wire.

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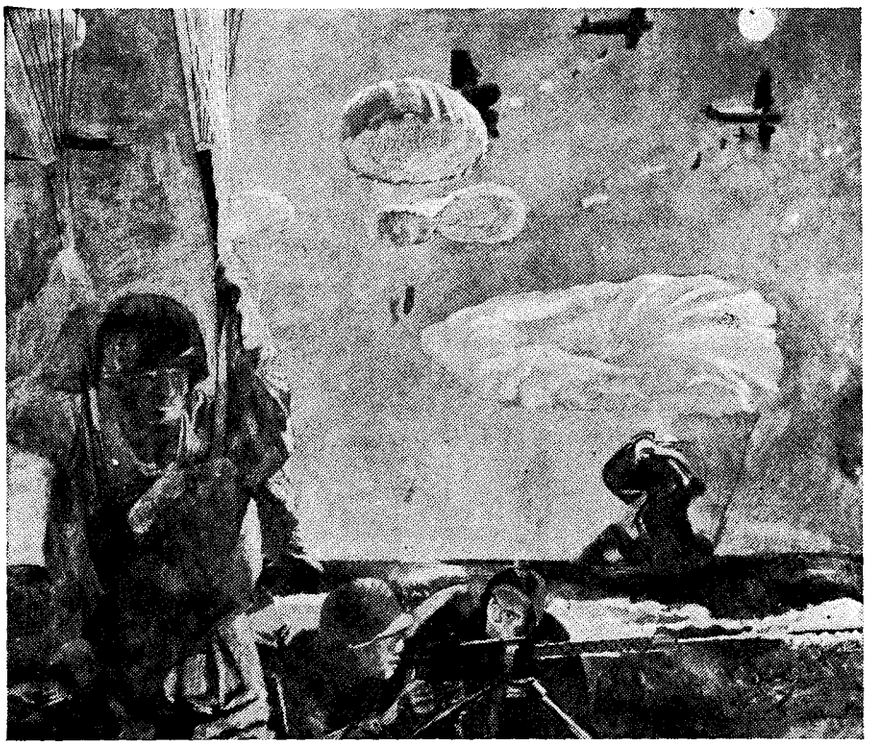

—*George M. Harding, USMC.*

Rope for the Japanese

THE ROAD TO PEARL HARBOR. By Herbert Feis. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 356 *pp.* $5.

JOURNEY TO THE MISSOURI. By Toshikazu Kase. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 282 *pp.* $4.

By JEROME B. COHEN

IF, ALONG with a careful study of major moves by the U.S. in the past three months, these two volumes could be prescribed as required reading for the men in the Kremlin, the world might be saved much grief over the next decade, for the U.S. is again being goaded into preparations for defense against prospective aggression, and landmarks along the tortuous road to war, which Mr. Feis illuminates so well, once again begin to stand out.

When in December 1941 Japanese warships and troop transports were reported on their way south to an unknown destination, Admiral Stark and General Marshall advised the President to declare the geographical limits on land and sea beyond which Japanese forces could not be permitted to go, and to warn Japan that we would join the fight if these limits were passed. As Mr. Feis declares: "Had not the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor and the Philippines, this line would have become the boundary between war and peace." In December 1941 it was too late to draw lines but one cannot help wonder whether if this line had been firmly drawn in 1931 or in 1937 and communicated to the Japanese we could not have dissipated Japanese delusions that they could gain their ends in Asia without war, and thus by a forthright declaration of intention have altered the course of history.

Such is the overriding question left by Mr. Feis's excellent, scholarly, detailed account of how we went to war against Japan. We know that Mr. Stimson's advice on Manchuria was thoroughly sound, that Hitler's march into the Rhineland was a bluff, which if called might have changed the pattern of subsequent European events, that Mr. Chamberlain's Munich was in vain, and that Mr. Truman's decision on Korea was well advised. To amend the old couplet: "Not to draw a line in time is supine." This painstaking and searching diplomatic history by the State Department's chief adviser on international economic affairs of pre-Pearl Harbor days demonstrates anew the futility of attempting to compromise with aggression.

Every partial concession, every indication of lack of firmness only served to whet the appetite of the Japanese expansionists and to strengthen their hand at home. While the U.S. stood primly on its principles and reiterated to the Japanese time and again with unending patience during the years of Japanese expansion its continuing disapproval, the very cautious Cordell Hull—due first to lack of apparent public support and to presumed isolationist sentiment at home, later to lack of an adequate military stick and to the increasingly (1939-41) disheartening predicament of the Western powers—toned down or smothered to extinction one proposal after another to deal firmly with the growing swagger of Japan across Asia.

It is too bad that Charles A. Beard is no longer with us to read the precise and meticulous array of evidence from every possible source, American, European and Japanese, which Mr. Feis so ably assembles, not to prove, for he lets the facts speak for themselves, but to indicate beyond doubt and controversy that far from goading Japan into war we gave the Japanese twice as much rope as they needed to hang themselves. Mr. Feis has undoubtedly written the final and definitive account of this episode in our foreign relations for there seems to remain no further documents to exploit, no further sources to tap.

In a fascinating personal narrative, U.S. educated Toshikazu Kase, a high career official of the Japanese Foreign Office, covers not only the same ground as Mr. Feis but also the subsequent démarche, which ended with the well-staged performance aboard the U.S.S. *Missouri*. If his adulation of General MacArthur is somewhat overdone, if his account of the extreme enmity between the Japanese Foreign Office and the War Ministry is somewhat exaggerated, if his facts and opinions on the steps to war are somewhat inaccurate, all may be forgiven by the peculiar behind-the-scenes, eye-witness flavor of his interest-sustaining narrative. The last pages on the melodramatic events of the final days of the war, of the moves and countermoves of the inner circle, of the plots and counterplots of the peace party, and of the fanatical, die-hard militarists and their Hollywoodish attempts to block the Emperor's peace, are alone worth the price of the book.

For one inaccuracy Mr. Kase deserves public correction. He states that the Hull note which reached Tokyo on November 28 was the final straw that killed the peace, that eliminated any hope of attaining a diplomatic solution, that the Japanese military regarded as an ultimatum and therefore used to stampede the nation into war. But, as he himself

(*Continued on page* 35)

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Fiction. *This week's shelf of fiction includes some of the most eagerly anticipated books of the season and one of the most disappointing. John Steinbeck's experiment at wedding the drama and story forms, begun with "Of Mice and Men" and "The Moon Is Down," is continued with "Burning Bright," a moralistic play-novelette which Maxwell Geismar brands "a flat failure." On the brighter side is the rather surprising success the witty and urbane Evelyn Waugh has scored in writing the life of a saint—"Helena." Two of the books are really not new: "The Maugham Reader" and Ford Madox Ford's "Parade's End." These reissues of old work in new format afford us a chance to remeet and reappraise two of the great writers of our time. In "Jubel's Children," a young American, Lenard Kaufman, lives up to the bright career prophesied for him.*

Cosmic Mother & the Gift of Life

BURNING BRIGHT. By John Steinbeck. New York: The Viking Press. 159 pp. $2.50.

By MAXWELL GEISMAR

JOHN STEINBECK'S new "play-novelette" is a flat failure as a novelette at least, and I think it is correct to add that he has not written an important work of fiction since "The Grapes of Wrath," more than ten years ago.

What has happened to the career of this writer who was, along with Tom Wolfe, one of the major figures to emerge during the 1930's? "Burning Bright," as you might guess, is actually a play in three acts—a play that is "easy to read," as Steinbeck says, or a short novel that can be played simply by "lifting out the dialogue," and something of this facile and mechanical approach pervades the whole tone of the writing. It is practically a gadget, and you can also lift out any of the central characters without doing great harm to the script.

Another feature: the main characters are a group of circus acrobats in the first act, and remain as the same personages throughout the story. In the second act, however, they are farmers; in the third, sailors. This is symbolic, and at a quick guess the shift in scene from air to land to sea involves the three main areas of human or animal existence in the evolutionary process.

But I am still trying to work out the connection of this symbolism with the story, and why Steinbeck's characters should start out as birds and end up as fish. The hero, Joe Saul, is starvingly in love with his wife, Mordeen, who is, as we are also told, a burning flower in his heart. But he craves a son to carry on his bloodline. Mordeen, who knows that he is sterile, is determined to give him a child by any means, and for this purpose selects Joe Saul's assistant, Victor, another acrobat, who represents animal vitality and complete sterility of spirit.

The drama is now under way, and from this point on everything drops into place with a nice sharp, clean click. There is no attempt to define any of these characters beyond their symbolic roles in the play—whatever happens to them is formulated by the plot and not by temperament or character. Mordeen is, of course, one of Steinbeck's recurrent fantasies of the Eternal Woman or the Cosmic Mother—a type I myself have never personally met. Even Victor, the brute-man, is affected by the aura of supreme love that radiates from her; so much so that he quite naturally wants to claim his own son. Jealous, frustrated, and in human terms the only credible character in the play, he has to be murdered, of course, to preserve Mordeen's secret.

What is one to make, incidentally,

of this episode in which an innocent human being, however unpleasant, is bumped off so casually—an episode that has undertones of the California vigilantes as well as of maternal bliss? It is good stage, probably, but is it nice? Are the peculiar means of Mordeen really justified by the altruistic climax of the drama, in which Joe Saul discovers (in another improbable episode) that what counts is not his own son, but, as it were, anybody's child, or the gift of life itself, which Mordeen in her infinite, if witless compassion has granted to him.

In the final "big scene" of the drama Joe Saul appears in the hospital, next to Mordeen and the new child, as only a voice and a white facelessness. "Where is your face?" Mordeen asks. "What's happened to your face, Joe Saul?" "It's not important," he says, "just a face," and here perhaps, in the revealing unconscious which so often tells the truth about a writer's work, is the clue to the deterioration of Steinbeck's work in the last decade. For the whole purpose of art, if not of evolution, is to create human faces which are important, and which cannot, as they are here, be lifted off and on in the interests of the loftiest message or the most startling stage effect.

That voice, indeed, and that "white facelessness" are symptomatic of a writer who is concerned only with grandiloquent themes and mechanical people. Steinbeck's work has always been uneven, and one had to measure such an excellent early book as "The Pastures of Heaven" against such poor works as "Cup of Gold" or "To a God Unknown." The success of his later works was due primarily to the essential force and vitality of the writing, which often obscured the false, sentimental, or banal concepts of life which Steinbeck still carried along with him.

And this "success" in terms of the commercial stage, the movie scenario, the best seller, has apparently led Steinbeck to develop the least satisfactory elements of his previous work. One can still hope that he will throw off the adolescent philosophy, the facile emotions, the final subordination of any genuine interest in human beings as such to a tricky theme or a theatrical climax—these typical characteristics, in short, of the California school of writing from Jack London and Frank Norris to Steinbeck himself, and of a cultural atmosphere in which writers somehow never seem quite to grow up. But this is, judging from the present work, a poor and desperate hope.

Maxwell Geismar is the author of "Writers in Crisis" and "The Last of the Provincials."

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The Prince of Entertainers

THE MAUGHAM READER. By Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1,215 pp. $5.

By William Barrett

OF ONE of his own characters, in the amusing story "Jane," Maugham writes, "She managed (as so few people do) to look exactly what she was"; and of Maugham himself, as an author, we may say that he has always managed (as so few authors do) to *be* exactly what he is. But for this admirable quality he has been permitted to suffer the sad fate of being taken for granted. In his fine introduction to the present collection Glenway Wescott protests against the critical neglect of Maugham (certainly, the general public has never neglected him), and he takes Maugham himself to task for this. Maugham has always shown such a dry and precise modesty in insisting on his own limitations that many people forget the solid merit those limitations define. I agree with Mr. Wescott that the neglect of Maugham by our serious critics is surprising in view of the persistently intellectual character of all Maugham's fiction—and a little ironic, too, since Maugham's principal defect as a novelist may be an excess of intelligence. The present collection may be no occasion for overhauling our critical ideas about Maugham, who has been around so long now that it would seem nothing new could be said about him. Yet I am not so sure; for one who hadn't read Maugham in some time the experience of going through more than a thousand pages (most of which was rereading) with a continuous and uninterrupted pleasure was a shock of surprise demanding a new estimate of the writer. Perhaps, after all, he is more than what he is, or at least than he appears.

The selection in this volume is excellent. One can quarrel with the choice of some of the stories, and I do not quite share Mr. Wescott's enthusiasm for "Christmas Holiday"; but in compensation I was particularly pleased by the wise inclusion of two items, "The Painted Veil," which seems to me one of Maugham's best and most neglected novels, and that remarkable essay in self-analysis, "The Summing Up," to my mind the most interesting of all Maugham's works. And the collection as a whole succeeds in its twofold aim of presenting Maugham as the prince of entertainers, who can hold his reader's attention to the end of whatever he sets out to do and, at the same time, of defining the full scope and figure of the writer.

The figure of Maugham emerges for the American reader (I don't know how the English may feel about this) against the background of the English novel supplied by his three near-contemporaries: Wells, Bennett, and Galsworthy. In comparison with the early Wells or Bennett at his best, he lacks a richness of vitality and exuberance, and he is not Galsworthy's equal in subtlety and nuance; but the remarkable thing is that he has outlasted these writers, and not merely in the brute fact of longevity. In 1950 he is much closer to us than any of them. Maugham has always seemed the impeccable draftsman in fiction, drawing everything in in sharp, incisive outline, and by contrast it has been felt that what he has lacked has been some essential richness of color that the greatest novelists have. But the fact that he has been able to outlast novelists more colorful and rich than he suggests that this draftsmanship has some peculiar riches.

For one thing, the very definiteness of his fictional draftsmanship is a great esthetic triumph—and, one may add, a very welcome thing to come back to after wading through so much fuzzy impressionism in the modern novel. In "The Painted Veil," which opens this collection, the character of the worldly cad Charlie Townsend, and the adulterous episode between Kitty and Townsend, are drawn with such an economy that the reader may miss the depth of insight present. The situation and emotion have been dealt with many times in fiction, and by a few writers more profoundly; but Maugham has given his material the stamp of his own temperament, and the result is a portrait of human inanity and viciousness that has a singular beauty as art. Only after finishing the novel and returning to the opening do we realize the cunning with which the author has chosen to begin his story with the guilty surprise of the two lovers by the husband: their characters and subsequent fate are all in those few opening pages. What is important is not the stroke of technique in itself, but the way in which the technique has served the novelist's insight.

Maugham's technical accomplishments have always been obvious, as they should be, since they are all aimed at achieving a perfect transparency; his real secret is to be found in the man himself and can be read in "The Summing Up." This work rightly belongs in a volume devoted principally to Maugham's fiction since

—*Miguel Covarrubias.*

Somerset Maugham — "impeccable."

it deals with the "I" present as the observer in so many of the narratives, and it reveals how significant for the fiction is the character of this omnipresent observer. What, in the end, sets Maugham apart from writers like Bennett or Galsworthy is just this relentless way in which he has reflected upon every bit of experience that he transmits to his reader. He is a philosophic novelist, not in the fashionable Sartrean mode of writing thesis novels, but in the older Tolstoyan sense that, being himself deeply concerned with the meaning of life, he examines scrupulously the meaning of the lives he writes about. "The Summing Up" reveals a rich and complex mind. There are moments in it when I have the impression that Maugham is skirting the bottom depths of nihilism, that he has had success and seen through it, and seen through most human beings to the emptiness of their lives, but he is rescued from descending into that deep pit by the ingrained toughness of English "character," the sense of decency and of playing the game. This amazing cosmopolitan remains an English gentleman of the old school.

Here, then, in one volume are some of Maugham's riches. Perhaps not the profusion of colors of rubies, emeralds, and old gold, but a valuable treasure of fine stainless-steel watches and utensils, all working with a beautiful efficiency. To say of Maugham that he is not a very great writer is at this date a pointless banality, insinuating more than it says, and particularly gratuitous from an age that bandies the word "great" about so much.

William Barrett is assistant professor of philosophy at New York University and associate editor of The Partisan Review.

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The Struggle of Integrity

PARADE'S END. By Ford Madox Ford. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 836 pp. $5.

By JAMES GRAY

IN A TIME when the novel seems to be passing through one of its moments of partial eclipse the recovery of the mind of Ford Madox Ford may well be the best, the most illuminating, treatment that the contemplative art can give itself. The illumination is harsh, surely. The author of the books about Christopher Tietjens intended to do nothing less than to turn the most powerful searchlights of the imagination on a world in ruins. Now, twenty-five years after the tetralogy first appeared, one is able to understand that what was dismissed as the crotchety scolding of a disappointed man was the grievous warning of a shrewd one. Ford's ear, like Eliot's, had caught the far-off sound of the whimper with which the world ends.

It is not so much that the Tietjens novels were rejected when they were new; they simply were not well understood. The four of them—"Some Do Not," "No More Parades," "A Man Could Stand Up," and "The Last Post" —appeared between 1924 and 1927 and were received with courteous, though gradually crumbling, interest. They seemed to contain the long account of how a monumental English snob was made to suffer every kind of injustice and humiliation at the hands of a monumental English trollop. Tietjens, pursued even to the front during the First World War by the elegant harpy who was his wife, continued to be forgiving through every onslaught, and this image of the man of sorrows as an English public official with an encyclopedic mind and a genius for mathematics struck many readers as being incongruous, forced, and probably insincere.

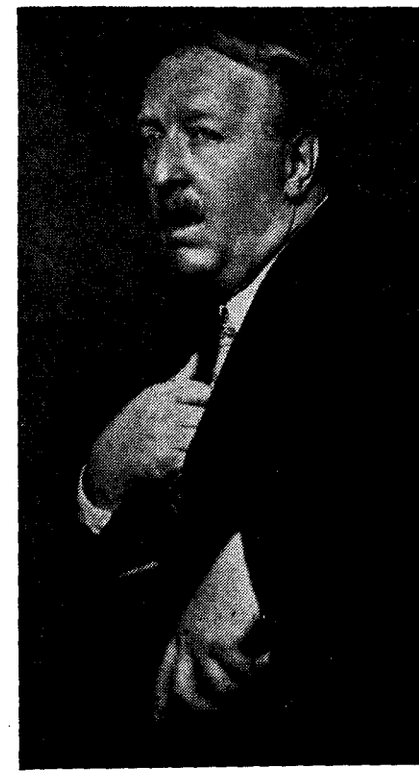
The insincerity, one might have said, lay in the pompous tone of Tietjens's talk, casual as it was meant to sound. In the midst of the war to end war he talked incomprehensible, even subversive, nonsense about the next struggle and chanted dreary plaints: "No more Hope, no more Glory, no more parades for you and me. . . . Nor for the country . . . nor for the world, I dare say."

Perhaps the events of the past quarter century have made many readers a little more sober than they were, a little more able to comprehend what Ford wished to say. The suggestion of a Christ-like endurance in Tietjens, which put us off so badly with (as we probably said) its banal extravagance and bad taste, need not have troubled us so much for it was not what Ford had in mind. He was dramatizing integrity, the kind of scrupulous attention to the inner realities of situations that made surface meanings seem too trivial to stir any strong feeling. In relation to his country what mattered to Tietjens was that the art of clear thinking seemed to have been lost and that ways were being opened to ruinous policies; it did not matter that foolish little fakers got knighthoods and conscientious men were cashiered out of their jobs. In his relationship to his wife, it mattered that Sylvia was a kind of alien of chaos living with bitter resentment in the moral world; it did not matter that she was unfaithful.

The books offer an examination at once full and intense of the hatred felt by the getters-on, the compromisers, the insecure for anyone whose existence demonstrates that he is superior to the temptations of a society with squalid privileges to trade. It is a symbolic treatment of the struggle of integrity to endure when, maddened by the awareness that something good is out of reach, the thoughtless try to drag it down to their level and maul it defacingly and comfortingly.

As Ford's symbols have become more clear and more moving, so has his technique. His use of devices which, after Joyce, all contemporary novelists have found to their taste was particularly adept. It is not the physical happening that interests Ford, though there are many of them in these novels and all of them striking. He is concerned, rather, as one would expect him to be, with the explosion in a human mind that results from the descent of crisis. The typical method of these books is to introduce the reader into the mind of Tietjens—or of another man or woman of the story —at the moment when dramatic catastrophe has just occurred. There he sits, perhaps in his wife's drawing room in London, perhaps in a trench at the front, while the shattered fragments of his experiences whirl about his head. As contemplative man it is his task to catch at these flying bits and put them together again into a whole. Events of the past, belonging to the sequence of which the recent event is the culmination, are as real to the mind of this analyst as are the nearer ones. Their meanings have become clear in the light of explosion. And, so, though one has been drawn into the very center of disaster, the tension of which is very great indeed, there is a brilliant clarity to the scene that makes it first intelligible and then endurable.

To place Ford justly in relation to the novelists of the time in which he wrote it is necessary only to think of how much more discerning his effort was than that of Galsworthy. Both men used the social scene of England as background for the struggle of ideas. Galsworthy made his chronicle tinkle with implications that never became clear; Ford offered one that resounds with warnings of doom. As Tietjens knew, for the first kind of enterprise a man gets the world's most conspicuous prizes; for the second — well, perhaps — posthumous recognition.



Ford Madox Ford—"the far-off sound of the whimper."

Nightfall

By Marcia Lee Anderson

NOW in lazy passive peace
The cool deserted mind
Stretches itself in dark release,
Fallow, unconfined,

A sunless richness, sentient
Of inward time to meet
Some passionate interior light,
Subterranean heat.

Strange flowers will flourish upside down
With only roots in space
To tell of Eden wet with dawn
In a most secret place.

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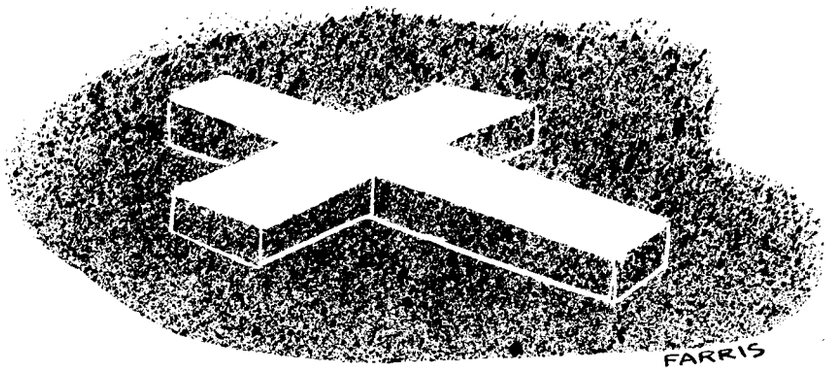

The Daughter of Old King Coel

HELENA. By Evelyn Waugh. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 247 pp. $2.75.

By Bradford Smith

FOR EVELYN WAUGH, master of satire and urbanity, to write the life of a saint seems on the face of it incongruous if not perverse. It is rather like Lucian writing about the gods. Yet Lucian is both charming and amusing—if you don't believe in Zeus. So Waugh, if you don't believe in the sainthood of Helena, mother of Constantine the Great.

The choice of Helena gives Mr. Waugh wide latitude, for next to nothing is positively known about her beyond the fact of her motherhood. Mr. Waugh makes her the daughter of the British King Coel (popularly Cole of the fiddlers three) whereas stronger tradition assigns her to Drepanum on the Gulf of Nicomedia. She is discovered by young Constantius, an eager beaver of the Roman provincial administration, who marries her, takes her off to the Continent, and divorces her when political expediency dictates another marriage as a means to his becoming emperor. Converted to Christianity, Helena in her old age makes a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where in a dream the location of the true cross is revealed to her. She recovers it and disperses it to several parts of Christendom.

There is really not much more to the story than that, for emphasis is not on story but on a point of view. Manner rather than matter makes the work—an attitude urbane and witty, mellifluously expressed. But if urbanity and mellifluousness are your masters, you must omit everything they cannot express. Many things that are important cannot be composed in this scale. Mr. Waugh omits them. As a result his people are amusing but without flesh, his story entertaining but not dramatic. For drama implies a belief in the value of human activity. Mr. Waugh is, of course, tremendously well-bred, but with this breeding goes the affectation or the belief that nothing is really worth making a fuss about.

Considered as historical fiction, "Helena" is in some respects remarkable. Mr. Waugh's sense of economy and his mastery of style have something to teach all historical romancers. Within the compass of a very brief tale (about 65,000 words) he has succeeded in conveying the quality of third-century Rome as well as the average writer would do in a thick book larded with Latin and bursting with descriptions.

Mr. Waugh's world is brilliant but cold—a climate not well adapted to saints' legends. His people, like Voltaire's, are products which the intellect is amused to invent and to manipulate. They never become quite credible personalities whose safety and happiness the reader cares about. The resulting effect and impact are precious, but slight. Therefore, as an interpreter of Christianity's victory over the Roman Empire Mr. Waugh fails entirely. His cynically humorous picture of Constantine and the Church fails even within his own frame of reference to account for the strength of the new religion.

Yet Mr. Waugh is interesting if not moving, amusing if not engrossing. He is at his best in such observations as that of the young Helena listening to her tutor read Latin: "Her eyes had a boyish melancholy; the mood—at once resentful, abstracted, and yet very remotely tinged with awe—of British youth in contact with the Classics."

Since Mr. Waugh is too well-bred to get excited, he can scarcely blame the reader for remaining unexcited, too. Excitement is not the reaction he seeks. He aims at the head rather than the heart. But for perfection of phrasing, subtlety of language, and the silver laughter of the mind, which finds all human endeavor amusing, Mr. Waugh has not anywhere his equal.

Visiting Father

JUBEL'S CHILDREN. By Lenard Kaufman. New York: Random House. 311 pp. $3.

By Robert Pick

JUBEL Watson, recently widowed, accepts the invitation of his four children to spend three months of each year with each of them in turn. Or at least he wants to see how that scheme works. Wiser than King Lear, the small-town cabinetmaker and antique dealer keeps his possessions. What has prompted his children to extend their hospitality to him after initially having refused even to face the problem of his old age is their discovery that the old man is worth $27,500.

That surely is not a pleasant introduction for the four people Mr. Kaufman has made his protagonists. Yet he makes them believable enough in the varying shades of their selfishness: Bertram, the salesman in Columbus, Ohio, who has been turned into a veritable monster through his frustrated dreams of money-making; Helen—the Cordelia of the story—who has gone places in Boston and all but ruined her life by her love for a married man; Evie and her handsome, brutal husband down South, who cannot make ends meet, and Jubel, Jr., the little actor in New York. Only Bertram wants to get hold of the old man's money immediately. The others—this is a convincing point—are interested in thwarting Bertram's ruthless efforts rather than in getting something out of their father themselves.

But all of them do—though it isn't money they get. Wherever old Jubel goes he visits a crisis upon his children, works as a catalyst for their troubles, prepares the way for their problems' solution, and leaves each of them a better person than he or she has been at his arrival. Even Bertram—a man who has denied children to his wife to remain untrammeled on his road to financial success—is mellowed in the end through his love for a baby he adopts in order to curry favor with the old man.

Jubel himself is a thoroughly sentimental figure. The only way to explain so decent, good, and wise a man's having brought up so monstrous a son is to blame it on the times, the decay of family life, the sharpening of competitive business, etc. Seen in this light, Mr. Kaufman writes social criticism. In fact, he does his best to show he can be as realistic and as merciless as the next man in that field: there is, for instance, Helen's near-masochistic relationship to her married, highly unpleasant lover, or that

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scene in which Evie pays her way to her mother's funeral by sleeping with a stranger, or the glimpses of the wealthy society girl Jubel, Jr., is secretly married to. But all ends well for everybody.

I haven't read Mr. Kaufman's widely praised first novel, "The Lower Part of the Sky." Judging by his present (and third) book, I venture to say that he is a good storyteller, moving on that borderline of serious social fiction and sentimental concoction which has brought much success to many another fiction writer before him. "Jubel's Children" is a very readable and very entertaining short novel.

Magic in the Indian Jungle

THE PEACOCK. By Jon Godden. New York: Rinehart & Co. 245 pp. $2.75.

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

JON GODDEN'S third book is not a great novel: its sense of real life, of interacting lives of people is subordinated to its sense of magic. But the magic is there and it is great magic; the inescapable enchantment of the Indian jungle, of a river, of forest villages, of wild elephants and brilliant tigers, of birds and deer and fish and monkeys and all the rest of that savage, glittering, shadowy realm about a few people who have come to live a little while there.

It is the Chinese who have taught us that the wonders of the natural world cannot be felt except through a human medium, in relation, that is, to the human lives most rapt, somewhere in those unfolding, myriad landscapes of theirs, in contemplation, in appreciation of their vast effects. The Chinese only need imply, as Miss Godden does here, that human lives, no less than the innumerable creatures of the stream, the branch, the grass, the forest path, should be nothing without that powerful enfoldment. Power lies also in an understanding of it.

If, therefore, Miss Godden's English people, who come back again after many years to a reunion in this jungle camp by the river, are seen by her as individuals not much more exactly than they see the gray, shadowy hide of the wild elephant, Ganesh, in his silent crossings of their path among the leaves, or the burning peacock that somehow suggests a symbol for the book, or the Indian men around them, it is probably an excellent thing. It is a subtle drama she has worked out here in the leafy solitudes, not one of those roaring modern melodramas, but a thing of human moods and times and changes, subtly felt.

The fine young woman and her silent husband, the hunter damaged dreadfully in the war, the complex and malicious man who had never fulfilled his own promise, the old Englishman whose life was willingly giving itself to the life of the jungle are complete individuals. She keeps their conflicts and their dramas moving like the early mists under the still trees and the silent progress of great elephants and the soundless movements of a watching tiger about a tree with men and rifles in it or the early sunlight glinting on far roofs and smoke threads of a village far away in a jungle opening, all dominated by the beauty and terror of their world. There is so much life here other than human that a too-violent clash of human passion would have set the magic flying away like the deer at the sound of a human voice.

What happens, happens almost silently or with the inevitability of the slashing rains. What is left, after a night of jungle strangeness, what is changed, is still living. There is death and there is life. The jungle will grow quickly over the scars of the campfire.

The magic of Miss Godden's prose is compounded of her utter knowledge

(*Continued on page 43*)

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

TEARS, TEARS, AND TEARS!

Violette Jordan, of Chicago, offers twenty familiar quotations about tears and allows five points if you can name either the poem or the author. A score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. The answers are on page 38.

1. Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
   Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth.
2. The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
   The moon into salt tears.
3. If the world's a vale of tears,
   Smile, till rainbows span it!
4. Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
   I am so weary of toil and of tears.
5. Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
   She stood in tears amid the alien corn.
6. A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers;
   There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears.
7. Before the beginning of years
   There came to the making of man
   Time with a gift of tears,
   Grief with a glass that ran.
8. Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
   Their wings in tears, and skim away.
9. I never hear the West wind, but tears are in my eyes.
10. To me the meanest flower that blows can give
    Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
11. So, often in the course of life's few fleeting years,
    A single pleasure costs the soul a thousand tears.
12. With sobs and tears he sorted out those of the largest size,
    Holding his pocket-handkerchief before his streaming eyes.
13. The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
    The salt tears in her eyes.
14. Your voice is sad whene'er you speak,
    And tears bedim your loving eyes.
15. Who sat and watched my infant head
    When sleeping in my cradle bed,
    And tears of sweet affection shed?
16. Honor to her! and let a tear
    Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.
17. I love thee with the breath,
    Smiles, tears, of all my life!
18. I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
    Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
    I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
19. My sad tears are falling,
    To think that from Erin and thee I must part!
20. The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
    Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
    There's nothing true but Heaven.

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Personal History. *Most women lead quiet lives which seem, outwardly at least, to hold small possibilities for the biographer or the novelist. But a truly skilled literary craftsman can produce little gems from even apparently prosaic subjects, as two books reviewed this week compellingly demonstrate. The late Carl Van Doren will probably be longest and best remembered for his 1938 biography of an eighteenth-century titan, Benjamin Franklin; yet his last original work, a biography of Franklin's favorite and little-known sister, Jane Mecom, directs, in the imagery of J. H. Powell, a tiny beam upon a diamond. The well-beloved novelist Mary Ellen Chase has painted the portrait of a well-beloved patrician in "Abby Aldrich Rockefeller" (see page 20). Readers fond of more robust fare will enjoy Bill Westley's reminiscence of African adventure.*

—*Carlyle Studios.*

Carl Van Doren — a "little beam reflects upon a diamond."

A Century in One Woman's Life

JANE MECOM: The Favorite Sister of Benjamin Franklin. By Carl Van Doren. New York: The Viking Press. 255 pp. $4.

By J. H. Powell

"I LOVE reading," Jane Mecom wrote in her seventies. "It is a pleasant amusement." Often in her old age she picked up a book, especially one she knew her famous brother approved, and pored over it delightedly. It was an idling pastime, reading—no more than a way for old women to spice domestic routines. Mrs. Mecom's real jobs were her household, her children and her grandchildren, her neighbors, her tiny business affairs. But she loved now and then to share her brother's world. Once she surprised him with an obscure reference to Chesterfield's letters, a reference Franklin confessed he did not know; occasionally she would quote "the great Pope."

"I am of Pope's mind, that health, peace, and competence come as near to happiness as is attainable in this life," she said. Fat, amiable Mrs. Mecom had scarcely a competence, little peace, and her share of ill-health in her eighty-three years. Early married, early widowed, she outlived all her family, watched her twelve children die young, grow languid, or fall mad, was often embarrassed in her grandchildren, existed in poverty, finally reconciled herself to living in dignified gratitude on her brother's bounty. Hers were the commonplace tribulations of a highly domestic being. In a "Book of Ages" she recorded simply the skeletal annals of her family. "Sepr. 11-1756," she wrote. "God sees meet to follow me with Repeeted corrections this morning 3 oclock Died my husband in a Stedy hope of a happy hear after."

Jane was no apt correspondent for the great. She wrote of homely things, the weather, kinfolk, local news. Even the job of writing was hard for her. Constantly she apologized for blunders: she could not cut a quill herself, she knew "there is few words spelt right," and her letters were "miserable blotted." Yet every line from Jane Mecom brought Benjamin Franklin a happy sense of family, and he who knew the sprightliest intellects of his age found her always absorbing. Over sixty-four years he wrote more letters to her than to any other person, the first on his twenty-first birthday, the last in his eighty-fifth year. His final words from France in 1785 he sent to Jane and his first when he reached America.

To Franklin, Jane was much more than a family connection. She could not have held his interest so firmly but for her intellect and character, her courage, her talents, her charm. A "valiant, upright spirit" sparkles in every letter, a "touch of flavor and distinction in every line."

Carl Van Doren grew to love all the parts of Franklin's life, to know him as an intimate friend. His conversation was sprinkled with Franklin even after his years of concentration on the great biography were over. One book was not enough for him to say all he thought and felt on his subject. He brought out a volume of Franklin's autobiographical writings and another of the Franklin-Jackson papers. He has edited the Mecom-Franklin letters themselves (they will appear later this year), and this work is his extended, warm-hearted, affectionate account of the sister who, as he felt, added "a new grace" to the great man, while he in turn held a mirror to her.

There could scarcely be a more difficult literary problem than portraying a woman known only through her letters, appealing only because her brother was the incomparable Franklin. But Van Doren searched her out in countless hidden records, until he could present her "flesh and blood, a woman timeless and perennial, fitted after so long by the story of her life and the simple magic of her words to enter any company in the wide world of which, living, she saw so little."

It required delicate artistry to make the tiniest facts of one woman's life reveal so much of a whole century's being. This, Carl Van Doren's last original work, is not his most important, but in craftsmanship I think it is the most extraordinary of all he wrote. It is the history of a private world into which, when he could, Franklin stepped, an illuminated book, whose little beam reflects upon a diamond.

J. H. Powell is the author of a biography of Richard Rush, the early American diplomat, and of "Bring Out Your Dead!," a history of the yellow fever plague of Philadelphia in 1793.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 864)

JOHN FOSTER DULLES:
WAR OR PEACE?

At the present stage of world development we should try to evolve a world organization that will form moral judgments and reflect as adequately as possible the quantity, quality, and intensity of power that* will back these judgments.

*Changed from *which* to *that*.

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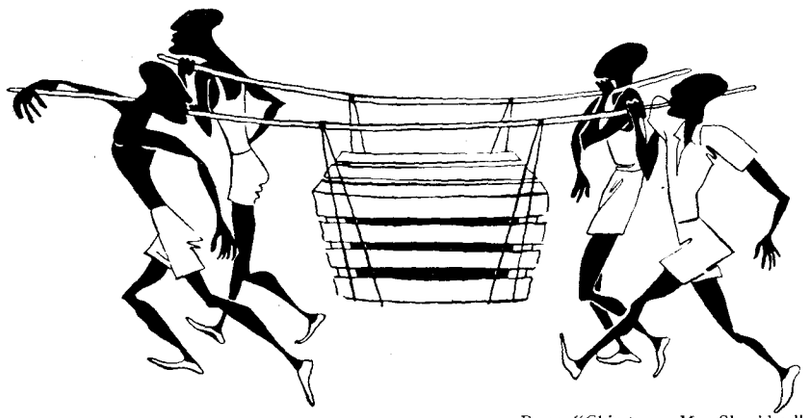
Mission to Maiombi

CHIMP ON MY SHOULDER. By Bill Westley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 312 pp. $4.

By LINTON WELLS

IF EVER a guy learned about Africa the hard way, it was Bill Westley. In fact, I have met very few white men in Africa who took it on the chin as Bill did and retained his health—or even survived to tell the story, as Bill has done so engagingly and modestly in "Chimp on My Shoulder." It is a story which demands to be read at a single sitting, but unless you are cast in the Westley mold (and few are), it will not inspire you to hightail it for Africa. Still, you will admire and respect Westley and feel glad there are still such venturesome souls in the world ready and eager to sacrifice their health and their lives so that others may live or not suffer malformations.



—From "Chimp on My Shoulder."

When Bill landed in Portuguese West Africa in 1944 my wife and I were at the Luanda airport to meet him. Our friends, Armand Denis and Leila Roosevelt (now Bill's wife), had been in cable communication with me to facilitate Westley's mission, which was to obtain desperately needed chimpanzees and gorillas for their Anthropoid Ape Research Foundation in Florida. Among other things, we were to get permission for him to enter the Cabinda Enclave's almost impenetrable Maiombi Forest, one of the world's most famous gorilla habitats, and capture and export anthropoids.

To old Africa hands such as we, it was manifest that here was an innocent abroad; although a grandfather, there was a wide-eyedness about Bill which a carefully cultivated insouciance could not conceal. He confessed frankly that this was his first collecting expedition, but justified his presence on the grounds that he knew and loved animals and, anyway, as he was useless to the war effort at home, why shouldn't he try to help science along a bit by getting something it needed. We went all out for him, but it wasn't until long afterward that we learned that here was a guy who had been given six months to live and had decided to let his heart run down while capturing those primates which someday may lead us to a solution of polio and brain diseases. That was six years ago. Today, Bill's ticker is going so strong he'll probably outlive his grandfather, who reportedly died at the age of 113—of acute alcoholism.

Perhaps other cardiac sufferers might be cured if they stopped feeling sorry for themselves, echoed Bill Westley's "to hell with it," and went off as he did for eighteen months in the bush of the Belgian Congo, the Cabinda Enclave, and Sierra Leone. If they loved animals the way Bill Westley does they would experience the heartaches attendant upon their capture—the frequent necessity of killing the parents in order to capture the young; then the subsequent careful nursing of the captives. Keeping them alive is the most difficult part and when, as often happens, the babies would die in their arms, they'd do just what Bill did and confessed to unashamedly—cry their hearts out as though one of their own had passed away. And if they survived their unending fight with malaria and dysentery and nature in the raw, as Bill did, they would return home real Westcoasters, with no illusions about Africa but with a never-quenchable desire to return there; with their health restored; with memorable experiences permitted to few, which they could recount for the enjoyment of the stay-at-homers—perhaps not to the commendable degree that Bill has done in "Chimp on My Shoulder," but still, the story's the thing. If they didn't survive, then they'd simply be an addition to the "White Man's Graveyard."

The cinema companies would be wise to explore "Chimp on My Shoulder." There's payoff material in those pages.

Good Rich Life

ABBY ALDRICH ROCKEFELLER. By Mary Ellen Chase. New York: The Macmillan Co. 159 pp. $3.

By EDITH MARY CHUTE

THIS is a book about a woman who seems to have had no faults except that she couldn't spell.

She was born in a good home, of fine parents, and had the best kind of American family life. She was given a good education and had the normal good times of a debutante, since she enjoyed parties and liked pretty clothes. She had a lively sense of humor and a generous disposition, loved people and was altogether pleased with life as she found it. When she was twenty-seven she married a man who loved and admired her and she brought up her six children well. She was a wise mother and a delightful grandmother, and her life was a Social Register of activities ably and graciously performed.

This might sound like a good many American wives and mothers. But this particular woman was Abby Aldrich Rockefeller and her husband was one of the richest men in the world.

It is not easy to live a normal life under the weight of a great fortune, but Abby Rockefeller was a thoroughly nice woman and she managed to remain unaffected. She was saved from boredom by her enthusiasm for people, and she was a good friend and a charming hostess. She had a lively sense of the importance of the individual and a great desire to have everyone free of the handicaps that are imposed because of race or color. She once wrote her sons: "I . . . beseech you to begin your lives as young men by giving the other fellow, be he Jew or Negro or of whatever race, a fair chance and a square deal. . . . What I would like you always to do is what I try humbly to do myself: that is, never to say or to do anything which would wound the feelings or the self-respect of any human being."

Abby Aldrich used money kindly and well; she was gracious, thoughtful, intelligent, and well loved. She was deeply interested in art and in social welfare, and many institutions benefited by her interest. She seems to have wanted naturally to do what is right, and she had the means to do it. If she wanted anything she was in a position to achieve it, and she was able to treat money, which is so often a bad master, as a good servant.

She seems to have had no real doubts or fears about anything. Her religion was orthodox and her favor-

(*Continued on page 32*)

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Balzac: The Enlightening Past

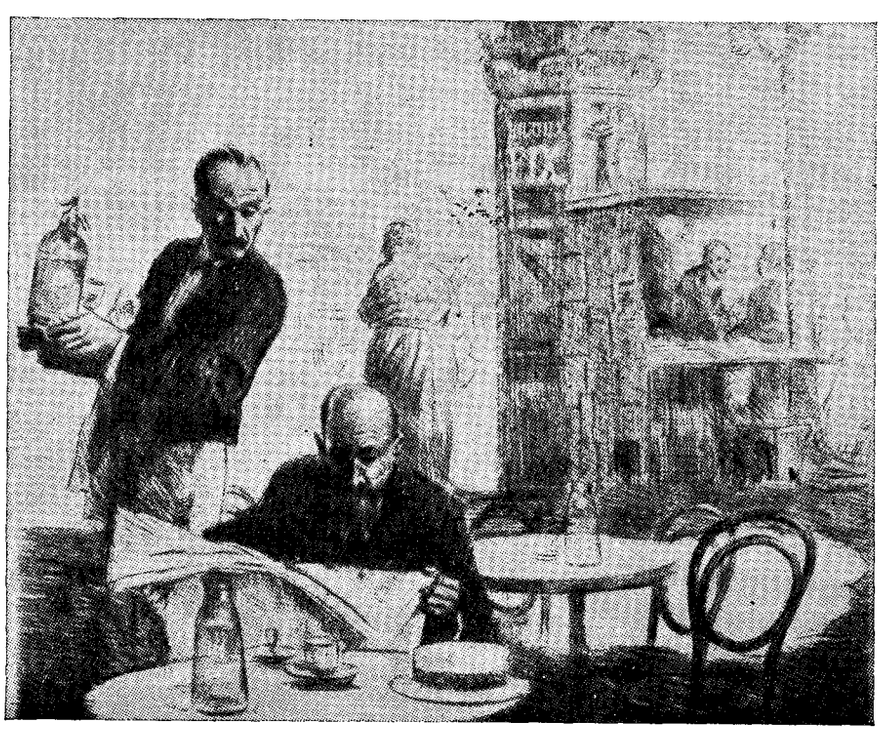
A Classic Revalued: V

E. K. BROWN

WHAT commemoration there was in this country of the centenary of Balzac's death, which fell last August, had a hollow ring. There were no new translations, no additions of old ones to popular libraries, no new biographies or critical monographs. Compared with the stir a year ago over the bicentenary of Goethe's birth, Balzac's fate has been that of a poor but respectable relation.

The indifference is curious. Balzac has much to say to the entire Western world in 1950, possibly more than Goethe has. He would have been much more understanding of Birmingham—either the English or the American—than Goethe or than many a living English or American novelist. Balzac knew what it meant to live in a society that had lost the larger part of the order it used to live by, and could not evolve another. He could make sense of a society where people were out for money, power, and tangible pleasure; he knew they were so because no other currency was generally accepted. He was aware of the price that was paid for success in these terms, in the degradation of character, the destruction of the family, the conversion of friendship into alliances for mutual unscrupulous aid. His Lucien de Rubempré, his Delphine de Nucingen could find their way in our society much as they did under the shaky kingships of early-nineteenth-century France. Looking at us their creator would have said: "It is the same thing all over again, but on the other side of the Atlantic, and therefore on a bigger scale, for higher stakes, and with steeper losses."

Balzac's fiction, so hard to walk around, as Henry James remarked, is full of demons. "They are," André Le Breton said, "like Vautrin, the very genius of evil or, like Goriot and a hundred others, those whom passion has damned." As Balzac presents them, they might be living in the apartment across the hall, or standing next to you in a line at the butcher's. They are visible, audible, smellable, complete in all their features and all their clothes. And they are explained. Their evil does not well up from some mysterious dark source, as with so many of the villains in Scott or Dickens; from the society that surrounds them it reaches out in an enveloping grasp. They are what they are, Balzac shows us again and again, because society is what it is. Goriot and Grandet, two of his most destructive characters, differ in the kinds of passion that animate them, and in the degree of sympathy we can give them; but in the reason for their destructive power they are alike. They are men made by the French Revolution, thrown up by that upheaval into situations where they are morally incompetent. Supports were withdrawn; restrictions were withdrawn; what followed was a kind of insanity, a monomania.



"Thé Boulevard," by S. Van Abbé.

The relevance of Balzac to our time goes undiscussed because of some peculiar traits in the critical writing of these years. Those who write about Balzac are usually professors of French literature who understand him only in narrowly historical terms. I suppose the most learned Balzacian this hemisphere has had was the late Edwin P. Dargan, who praised the "Human Comedy" as an escape from "the impertinences of the Jazz Age . . . with its trivialities and its mechanized routine, its fundamental inability to stop and think, its Capones and its cabarets, its Babylonian Palaces in Praise of Chewing-Gum, its rah-rah spirit, its oversmart women and its undersized men, its fakes, its futilities, its perpetual shrill blatancy over something that is forgotten on the next day." One would think that Dargan was writing about Pascal or Bossuet. Every one of the phenomena that Dargan mentions would have excited Balzac's imagination; he would have found in each the material for a page in his panorama of society.

He would have been horrified, too. He had that complicated sort of personality that is rare in intellectuals, and incredible to crusaders, which is

(Continued on page 45)

In Print

THREE or four decades ago the "complete Balzac" found a place in any well-stocked American library. Today these multivolume editions are all out of print, but a fair selection from Balzac's output is still available. Dial Press has collected "The Short Novels of Balzac" ($4) and there are several editions of the "Droll Stories" (among them Modern Library, $1.25). Two of the finest novels in the "Human Comedy"—"Père Goriot" and "Eugénie Grandet"—are collected in one Modern Library volume (boards, $1.25; paper, 65¢). They, as well as "Ursule Mirouët," are also to be found in the Everyman's Library (95¢ each).

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Most Terrible Drama of All Time

Editor's Note: SRL's *guest editorial this week is drawn from the inaugural address delivered by Robert E. Sherwood, playwright and historian, at the opening of the International Congress of P.E.N. in Edinburgh on August 19, 1950. Mr. Sherwood's reading of his address was punctuated frequently during the latter half by shouts of protest from the audience.*

I AM AFRAID that, at the moment, the drama is a dwindling subject. It is appalling to contemplate the dearth of new plays that are produced and of new playwrights who ever are given the chance to be heard.

There are obvious reasons for this in the present economy of the theatre, when successes are few and often unprofitable, and failure can be disastrous. But I believe that the malaise of the drama is due to something much more profound than the distasteful ratio between profits and losses.

There have been great ages in the creation of dramatic literature—the Periclean, the Elizabethan, the flourishing in France during the long reign of Louis XIV, the Restoration, the nineteenth century. We had one hopeful period in the United States after the First World War when there emerged a great number of interesting new playwrights, headed by Eugene O'Neill; that hope began to peter out with the advent of talking pictures, when many of the promising American playwrights went to Hollywood and were never heard of again.

There is an important resemblance between the really great epochs in the theatre. They all came in communities which had achieved prosperity and stability, or at least the semblance thereof, after times of war and upheaval.

We certainly know no stability today. One would be rash indeed to predict, or even to hazard a guess, as to when we shall know stability again. The dramatist—and I am speaking of the serious dramatist who has something of importance to say and says it—does not thrive in times such as these.

In wartime, or any time of dire emergency, audiences do not want to be reminded of the shadow of tragedy under which they live. What they want is "a little bit of fluff"—they want to look at pretty legs. And, please, I beg of you, don't get the idea that I am saying a word against pretty legs. I want to look at them, too. If it had not been for them and their lovely possessors, the theatre would have been a defunct institution long ago. It might even not have been born. We should not forget that the theatre had its start in the festivals of Dionysos, which were in the category of leg shows. But, that is irrelevant, if not irreverent. It is not the state of mind of the audience that matters—it is the state of the world.

The drama as we know it was born when Athens began to establish dominion over the Grecian world, and hurled back the Asiatic invaders at Marathon and Salamis, and established a new way of life that they called democracy. The glories of the Elizabethan Age followed the destruction of the Armada and the liberation of the English people from the fear that their country would become a mere satellite of Spain. The century of apparent peace that followed Waterloo produced a great dramatic revival throughout Europe, including the Scandinavian and, most notably, including the Russian.

Perhaps a new revival of dramatic writing will be started in one of the many countries represented here today. But the chances of it emerging from my own country, the United States, seem bleak indeed. There is a growing disinclination on the part of young American authors to attempt to write for the theatre at all. And who can blame them? The very essence of great drama is poetry, and there isn't much inspiration for the poet in these technological times.

I do not want to paint too dismal a picture of our present predicament. I'm not worried that I shall, for I am sure I could not paint one that is dismal enough.

Every writer, every artist—however he may try to isolate himself from his environment—feels a kind of moral responsibility for the nature of his times. Every writer is at heart a reformer and if he knows that reformation is desperately needed, and it is not taking place, he feels a sense of personal guilt. But any writer can be pardoned for a certain discouraged diffidence when he contemplates the task of reforming the split atom.

Hardly had we tasted the bitter fruits of victory five years ago than we were confronted with the appalling reality of the atomic bomb. A greatly respected friend of mine, who is a writer and a Scot, once said to me that he considered Hiroshima the most hideous crime ever committed by man. He is no pacifist; during the last war he certainly did not act like one. He knows a great deal of science. He knew that the fission of uranium was an inevitable development. He did not consider it immoral to make the bomb. But he felt we never should have used it. Presumably we should have wrapped it in cotton wool and stored it in a vault at Fort Knox, where all the obsolete gold is kept.

I HAVE heard generals and admirals say we should not have dropped the bomb, but they were not speaking on the same moral plane as my Scottish friend. Their argument was that we could have beaten the Japanese anyway—so why let the Russians know we have the bomb?

For myself, I do not agree with either. The familiar justification is that if the bomb had not been dropped, we should have had to invade the Japanese homeland at a cost of at least a million American and British and Russian lives and far more than a million Japanese lives fighting, as they fought at Iwo Jima and many other islands, to the last man.

This, however, is problematical. It may be that the bomb gave the Japanese Government the excuse they had long sought for surrender.

I believe that the bomb should have been dropped for the information and warning of the whole human race. The tragedies of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were necessary to tell the rest of us what we are up against. It would be a far more terrible tragedy if the first bombs—hundreds of them—were to fall upon a fool's paradise.

We know what we are up against. We do not know why. The present situation is unnecessary—it is senseless—and those who bear the chief responsibility for it are headed inevitably for the suicide which was the end of Adolf Hitler in the rubble of Berlin.

Five years ago, exactly, the Russians enjoyed limitless prestige. They

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had the friendship of the civilized world, and its gratitude, and they had well earned it.

It was always in President Roosevelt's mind that at the end of the Second World War the Soviet Union would have the opportunities for internal development that were given to the United States after our Civil War. Secure from attack from the two most powerful aggressors, Germany and Japan, they would have fifty years—perhaps a century—to develop their own vast resources in that enormous area from the Baltic to the Pacific. And they would have had the aid, financial and technological, of the Western world had they sought to cultivate its friendship. With that development, if they wanted to conquer the world, they could probably do so. Even looking at it from a short-term point of view—say, a five-year plan—they acted with immeasurable stupidity.

In 1945 we all wanted to call it a day, stack our arms, and go home to our civilian jobs. We wanted to put our navies into moth balls and restore our tiny regular armies to their normal peacetime duties of mowing the barracks lawns. Our Air Force would be reduced to the minimum necessary for ceremonial fly-pasts and for spotting survivors of shipwreck. All this we should have done, and today we would be as feeble, as defenseless as we were at the time of Munich, had it not been for the incredibly ill-advised intransigeance of the Soviet leaders, as a result of which we have been spending billions for rearmament and are now doubling and redoubling our expenditures and our efforts.

The mistake made by Roosevelt and many others five years ago was due to the fact that they could not understand the essential weakness of dictators. They believed that Stalin is a strong man, and he is a strong man in many ways. But Hitler was also a strong man, in too many ways.

AFTER victory in Europe when documents of the Nazi Government were seized by the Allies in Germany one of them revealed a most illuminating and alarming incident. Early in 1939 Hitler ordered his high command to prepare studies of German strength, actual and potential, and of enemy weakness, with a view to determining when it would be safe to take action which might result in world war. The study was made and the high command reported that Germany would achieve the requisite strength by 1944 or 1945. At that Hitler exploded and said, in effect, "But *I* might be dead before 1945. Mussolini might be dead. The British and French might have replaced Chamberlain and Daladier with strong leaders."

So, on the assumption that Hitler and Mussolini, and Chamberlain and Daladier, were essential to German victory Hitler embarked upon his career of conquest in that year of 1939.

Today you will hear intelligent people say, "But Uncle Joe couldn't be stupid enough to start another world war now. He has a shrewd, oriental mind. He knows how to play the waiting game indefinitely." That is unassailably logical. But Stalin has already displayed a capacity for abysmal stupidity. Stalin is a dictator. And we bear in mind those fatal words of Hitler's: "But *I* might be dead." So we cannot put our trust in calculations that are based on nothing but pure logic.

I started off talking about drama. I think I have continued to do so. For twenty years we have been living and acting the most terrible drama of all time. Many more years will pass before the last act ends, and we can go out of the theatre into the clean, fresh air of peace and brotherhood.

That act will end, and freedom will survive. Make no mistake of that. But until then we as writers cannot ignore the implications of the tragedy that we are beholding, that we are living. We cannot hope to escape into some comfortable ivory tower; we could not find one that is sufficiently strong, sufficiently remote.

As writers we are naturally deeply concerned in perpetuating the civilization that we have inherited, for we well know what happens to our own and all other arts when dark ages of barbarism descend. To know this, we do not have to look back to the centuries between the end of the Roman Empire and the miracle of the Renaissance. We have seen it happen all too terribly in our own time. We have seen the sudden and complete withering of culture inside Germany within one decade of Nazi rule. And today we contemplate the melancholy picture of Prokofiev or Shostakovich looking at the manuscript of some new composition and wondering whether the theoreticians of the Kremlin will find in it some form of deviationism.

Without freedom civilization cannot flourish; it cannot even breathe. When we use the terms "European civilization" or "Western civilization" we know what we mean, but those terms are inaccurate. The Renaissance itself emerged from the discovery of the East by the West. And the meaning of the Renaissance has been wonderfully set forth by the classic authority J. A. Symonds, who described it as the "new birth to liberty—the spirit of mankind recovering consciousness, and the power of self-determination, recognizing the beauty of the outer world, and of the body through art, liberating the reason in science, and the conscience in religion, restoring culture to the intelligence, and establishing the principle of political freedom."

THE essential roots of this concept of freedom are far more ancient than Europe or any identifiable "West." Those roots go down into the very heart and soul of man as a thinking, articulate animal; they sprang from the soil of man's highest aspiration, his aspiration to a state of individual dignity in which he could achieve liberation from the ignorance and the fear of the jungle.

The first supreme expressions of this aspiration in the Mediterranean world were the Grecian and the Hebraic. Prometheus was the mortal who dared to steal the divine fire from heaven and give it to his fellow men. And in the first chapter of Genesis it was written that God created man in His own image. Divine punishment was visited upon Prometheus and Adam. But the concept of the dignity, the godlike quality of man, could never be repealed. Men have fought and died for that concept in innumerable wars and revolutions. They have defended it against all forms of tyranny, including imperialism and feudalism, Fascism and Communism. They have seen it crushed to earth, and they have seen it rise again, because it is truth.

The Grecian ideal produced the great works of the Golden Age of Pericles and the origin of the word "democracy," the right and the responsibility of free men in free assembly to choose their own rulers.

The Hebraic ideal produced the Decalogue and the Christian ethic, which imposed upon the individual the moral responsibility for respecting and protecting the dignity and the rights of his neighbor as well as his own.

Today, more than ever, we are learning—we are having the realization pounded into us by dreadful circumstance—that freedom imposes a responsibility which none of us can evade if we are to play any part in perpetuating civilization.

—R. E. S.

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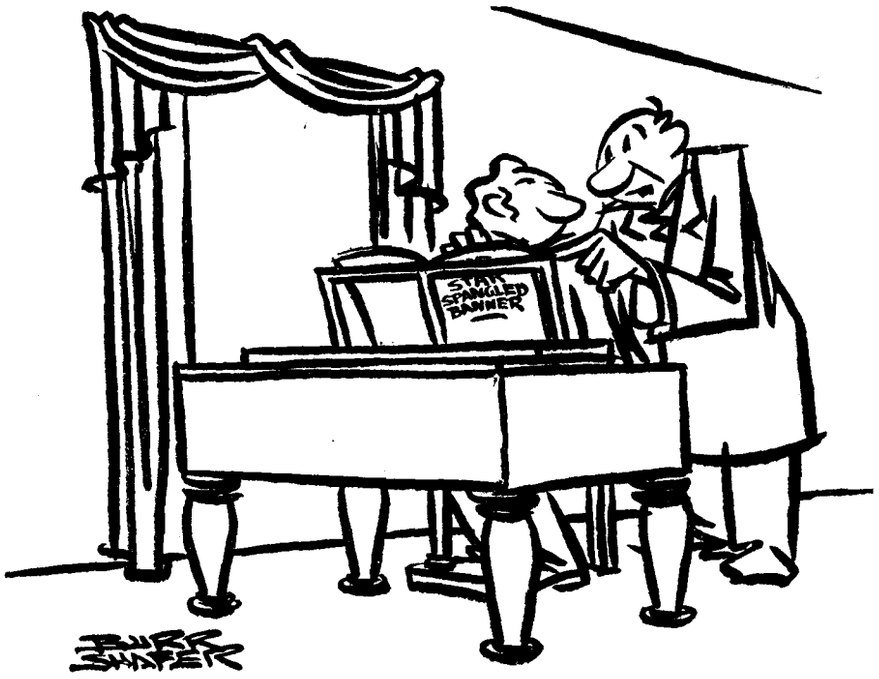
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Church vs. Christianity"

SIR: The title of Dr. Stamm's article "Church vs. Christianity" [*SRL* Sept. 23] suggests an encounter in which one must be the winner and one the loser, and it appears Dr. Stamm is cheering for Christianity. Yet if it were not for the church, despite its miserable failure, which Dr. Stamm rightly laments, we would not know of Christianity or of the "simple Gospel" to which he would have us open our eyes. . . . Surely many *SRL* readers are happy to see an article about the church and Christianity given prominence in its pages. Yet may we not have a presentation which faces with more reality than the repeated exhortation to do so the fact that however much we *ought* to obey the teachings of Jesus we do not do so? I greatly fear that any respectable pagan or secularist who reads Dr. Stamm's article, and I presume there may be several among your subscribers, would be convinced that the Protestant Church has not yet begun recovery from an unrealistic and idealistic liberalism, whereas it actually has begun a significant recovery, stirred by men like the late Archbishop Temple, Reinhold and Richard Niebuhr, Emil Brunner, and countless others.

BROWNE BARR.

Waterbury, Conn.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Why don't you rewrite that part about 'the rocket's red glare,' Francis? Rockets are practically obsolete."

SIR: I wish to commend Frederick Keller Stamm for his excellent article. It is a pity that there are not more men of his courage and godly Christianity within the ranks of the theologians. His article will create a storm of rage from these men. Not because he has spoken falsely. But because he has spoken the truth.

AXEL RYDEN.

De Kalb, Ill.

SIR: The immensely stimulating and refreshing article by Frederick Keller Stamm reminds me of what might elsewhere be a startling query made in a Quaker meeting not many weeks ago. There, as you know, the interchange of thoughts is free to all and occasionally profuse. In a discussion of creeds and lack of creeds one member who has passed the age of seventy suddenly asked: "Why can't we find another word than 'God' which will not hamper us with its archaic connotations but will bring us down to the present?"

Maybe the reason this could have happened in a Friends Meeting with so little stir—for the others went right on trying to answer the query as if it were routine—is because the Religious Society of Friends has the minimum of organization, the almost total absence of paid personnel, and hence virtually no vested interest in a hierarchy of jobs. I am not saying that the Friends necessarily have the answer to Dr. Stamm, but they may furnish a clue.

The very fact that Dr. Stamm left his pastorate and has spent the last twenty years developing a creative radio program is significant. At least his distance from the need for the security of the hierarchy may make him feel more poignantly the burden of denominational preferences that obstruct and obscure the real meaning of Christianity.

GEORGE D. OLDS.

Easton, Md.

SIR: The article "Church vs. Christianity" and indeed the title could only have been written by a non-Catholic. Please don't try to slip any more of this pseudo-intellectual bunk over on us poor unsuspecting subscribers. If it's an audience F. K. Stamm wants, refer him to Pershing Square in Los Angeles where he can do all the religious soapboxing he desires.

EDWARD F. HAYES.

St. Louis, Mo.

SIR: For years I have read and reread the Gospel accounts and the rest of the Bible and am sure that the article by Dr. Stamm has in it the mind of Christ. If there is a minimizing of theology, from a church member's point of view, the lack is more than offset by a good expression of the vital center of Christianity.

DONALD E. KOHLSTAEDT.

Pullman, Wash.

Cookbooks for Art Books

SIR: Please excuse me to write you suddenly such a letter. I am a collector of Japanese limited editions of rare art books, and also cookbooks in Japanese and English mostly.

My Japanese art books are those of very few private editions. They are woodcut print, stenciled and hand colored, dyed figured on hand-made paper, instead of printing, as the same method applied to textile.

I hope you introduce any art lovers to exchange for cookbooks which was published in USA. I am sure any people who exchange with my books will be admire the workmanship very much. I have loved so much my collection, but I cannot help to have cookbooks. That is my irresistible hobby to cook. At the first time I want the followings: "The Bread Tray," "Better Homes and Gardens Cookbook," "Art of German Cooking and Baking."

I hope you tell anybody who exchange with me to send them by Printed Matter (not Parcel Post).

YOSHIO NAKAKUMA.

Nagasaki-Ken, Japan

EDITOR'S NOTE: SRL *will be glad to forward letters to Miss Nakakuma.*

A Ponderous Pattern

SIR: Most of your readers probably will look upon the editorial "Completing the Scholar's Education" [*SRL* Sept. 2] as a pleasant holiday for you, time taken off between writing editorials on more important subjects. I wonder, however, if it doesn't touch on one of the most important weaknesses of our times.

Read a typical speech by a diplomat. Its chief characteristic is a kind of muddy capacity that passes for clarity at the white-tie-and-tail banquets. Read the editorials in some of our loftier instruments of public opinion. Note how cliché tumbles over cliché in a kind of ponderous pattern. And then consider how some of our most important vehicles of public opinion are isolating themselves from the people.

I wonder if some of the trouble can't be traced back to the schools. How much attention today is being paid to the teaching of simple, clear exposi-

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tory writing? In how many colleges are the English departments paying any but the most superficial attention to this problem of conveying ideas simply and understandably? In fact, as you point out in your editorial, how many teachers can write simply and clearly?

It is ironical that the very people who should get the most out of your editorial will be those who can understand it least. They are the ones who sit back and ask, "What do you want us to be? Popularizers?" As though a writer seeking to convey ideas to the public could win a higher accolade than that of "popularizer."

C. R. LARRABEE,
President, *Printer's Ink.*

New York, N. Y.

Not Touched

SIR: I so much appreciate the honor of appearing in *SRL* that I ask with some timidity what was meant by the title put on my short paper—"Voltaire: Toujours Touché" [*SRL* Oct. 7]. The only thing it suggests is that the great man was always touched in the head. I wasn't aware of his condition; I didn't write about it; and I want to apologize to your readers for not giving them an article that dealt with the subject announced in the title.

LEWIS GALANTIÈRE.

New York, N. Y.

Only a Small Man

SIR: When our psychological warfare company was being trained for overseas service six years ago we were told that captured German soldiers, asked for their opinions on political subjects, often gave an answer such as this: *"Ich bin nur ein kleiner Mann"*—that is, I am only a small man who knows nothing of these things. I was reminded of this phrase when reading Ernest O. Melby's stimulating article "Education and the Defense of America" [*SRL* Sept. 9]. He points out that in this century we have allowed power to become concentrated in "big business, big labor, and big government" for what we used to do as individuals or as local community groups.

The "kleiner Mann" attitude is that of a subject of a dictatorship, rather than that of a citizen of a democracy, but there is reason to wonder if it has not affected some of our own individual thinking. We read of many things which outrage us in our own country, things which we would like to do something about, but then feel that we are only "small men," powerless to influence or affect them. This, I think, is an attitude which it seems natural to take under the circumstances but which must be fought by articles, such as Dr. Melby's, which show that we cannot solve our problems by apathetic, resigned acceptance.

FRANCIS D. PERKINS.

New York, N. Y.

Dispute Over India

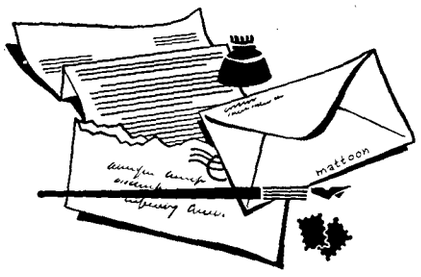
SIR: After reading the letters of Miss Sahgal and Mr. Muehl relative to "Interview with India" [LETTERS, *SRL* Sept. 23] I must say that Miss Sahgal has so far outdistanced the author that he might as well concede the victory where victories should be —to the more brilliant and convincing opponent. Her logic and her sensitive understanding of the matter reminded me very much of the story in the Bible of the women who both claimed the child. Solomon wisely decided that the one with the greater love was the mother—or the one, at least, who would best care for it.

Mr. Muehl in his closing statement pleads that "the illiterate and wonderful villagers" be "allowed a place in the governing of their country." Did the "illiterate" take the reins of government in our U. S. during the early days of our Republic? Would he call Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Rush, and a long list of others who rank high in the early memoirs of our country's founding "illiterate"?

MILDRED IRWIN PETERSON.

Beresford, S. D.

SIR: I gather from the *SRL* biographical comment that Mr. Muehl and I have a few things in common. We are of about the same age, we live but a few miles apart, we both have



spent some time in India and have come piecemeal to know and admire the Indian people. Beyond this it is possible that we share some opinions on specific points though on the whole it happens that my experiences have given me a somewhat different point of view toward some of India's problems from that taken by Mr. Muehl.

I am appalled by Mr. Muehl's presumptuousness and belligerent claim that he has "more confidence in the Indian people than Miss Sahgal." I simply find it hard to believe that an American, even one who knows the Indian people much more intimately than Mr. Muehl, would make such a childish remark. Mr. Muehl's identification with the "common man" is so intense, his generalizations about leaders and "high-caste backgrounds" so sweeping that I am, like Miss Sahgal, fearful that Mr. Muehl's particular kind of what he calls "fact sorting" will lead to some fairly important misconceptions. Like so many other matters, it depends on how you add up the facts.

It is hard for me to believe that the literary Mr. Muehl, who renders such strong and sincere admiration for the common people of India, can believe that the revolutionary "instincts" of any group of people will, when uncontaminated by the literate, the educated, the intellectuals, the cosmopolites, bring forth a beautiful world, free of evil and corruption. It's pretty certain, at any rate, that Miss Sahgal and any other Indian person, common or not, who has an opportunity to read will take very little stock in Mr. Muehl's amazing protestation that it was the common, illiterate masses of America and France *alone* that brought forth the two famous revolutionary movements of the eighteenth century. It is also obvious that the Jeffersons and Dantons, reactionary or not, were merely a part of the times.

My hope is that the American people will come to understand India and India's problems sufficiently to demand that the American Government give the Indian Government the kind of support that we failed to give the Democratic League in pre-Communist China when we had the chance. To my mind it is the only way we are going to be able to cut through this nonsense about "Asians" and "colored peoples." If our Government can be of assistance in striking down poverty, disease, and illiteracy in India, then we will be helping achieve what Mr. Muehl and I both agree is needed—a healthy, democratic India.

JOHN G. FEILD

Detroit, Mich.

General Scott's Aspirations

SIR: In working with the autograph collection in this library, we found two four-page letters from General Winfield Scott, dated 1846, that give a rather unusual slant on his aspirations for the Presidency. If anyone is working on the life of Scott the Newark Public Library would be glad to show the person these letters.

JULIA SABINE.

Newark, N. J.

Those Little Men from Venus

SIR: Roland Gelatt's article "In a Saucer from Venus" is an honest critique that makes sense, but I have yet to read anything about Frank Scully's latest work that gets to the crux of the matter.

The trouble with Scully is that he writes as a journalist and not as a scientist. His measuring stick for time is the life span of a human being, and his measuring stick for life is life as it has developed on our planet and not as it might have developed, evolutionary processes being what they are.

Every scientist knows that it is less than unlikely that, through ages of time, human life as we know it could have been duplicated on another planet. In fact, it is unlikely that life of any sort could even have gained a start; but once started there are so many obstacles to overcome, so many detours to take, that not even a possibility of such a duplication looms unless the life on each planet were able to progress under almost identical conditions. Such conditions do not exist; that much we know.

No one knows exactly the devious and halting road that we have traveled through eons of time to become what we are, but now that we have become human beings it is quite easy for us to visualize life elsewhere in human terms. Hence, it is easy for writers like Scully to sell you a yarn like "Behind the Flying Saucers," unless you happen to be a thinker as well as a human.

However, the purpose of the book has been achieved, which obviously is to sell copies and not to enrich us with knowledge. After all, the little men with blue suits aren't so strange, compared with some things Scully sees at times on Hollywood Boulevard.

CHARLES CARSON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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Seeing Things

CRITIC-INTO-PLAYWRIGHT

WHEN a dramatic critic writes a play, he not only sticks his own neck out but sticks out the necks of all other critics so far that his confreres could easily serve giraffes as stand-ins. Accordingly, let me begin by saying thank God—I repeat, thank God—Wolcott Gibbs's "Season in the Sun"* is filled with very funny lines and characters, provokes many hearty laughs, supplies playgoers with an entertaining evening, and, in spite of having been written by a dramatic critic, seems safely established among the new season's hits. We, Mr. Gibbs's fellow reviewers, can now breathe more freely. We can continue our theatregoing without having to wear protective disguises. Indeed, we can rest quite comfortably on his laurels.

In a wonderful parody of all Civil War novels Stephen Leacock once described the discomfort of the position in which General Braxton Bragg found himself by saying, "His front rested on the marshes of the Tahoochie River, while his rear was doubled sharply back and rested on a dense growth of cactus plants." Except for the Tahoochie River, this is much the same position occupied by all reviewers when faced with the task of reviewing a play by one of their brethren. To vary the image only slightly, it is bound to be a case of "heads I win, tails you lose." We are licked before we start; licked because if we praise the play in question there will be inevitable accusations of logrolling or murmurings to the effect, "Well, the boys certainly bent backwards that time, didn't they?" And, if we have any reservations, some people are no less sure to smell out a personal feud or suspect us of professional jealousy.

Let me make an immediate confession. Although I like Wolcott Gibbs a lot, I cannot read his reviews, paragraphs, profiles, or essays without envy. What is more, I do not see how any other reviewer can do so. Mr. Gibbs is a truly witty man. I do not believe, if he tried, he could be guilty of a bad or untidy sentence. He writes some of the best prose of our time. It is precise, apparently effortless, and blessed with the elegance of its own simplicity. It sparkles, diamond-wise, and is as cleanly cut. It is never fancy or purple, never overplays a metaphor, and never belabors a point. If the accuracy of its word selection is delectable, so are the ease and movement of its sentence structure.

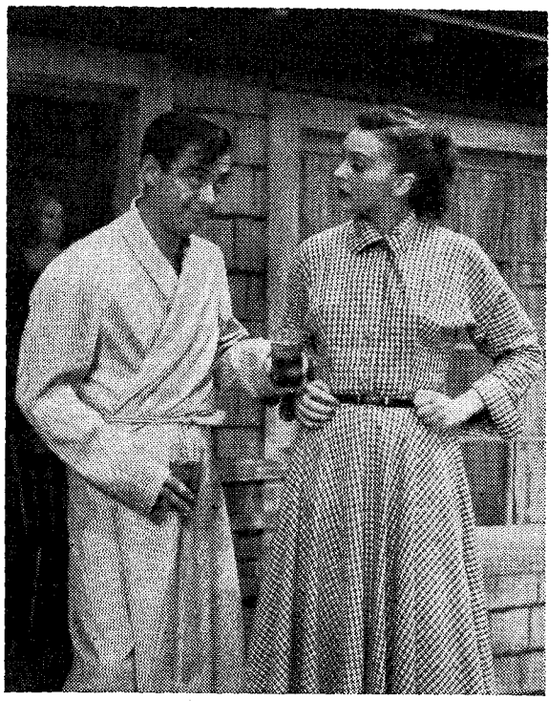
As a critic Mr. Gibbs has never been confused with Santa Claus. He is a satirist of exceptional skill. Faults are naturally apt to be of greater concern to him than virtues. He not only sees plays but sees through them. The only quality he shares with Queen Victoria is his ability to be unamused, a gift which he carries to an extreme undreamed of by her. This does not mean, however, that he does not make his own boredom amusing.

If Mr. Gibbs is sometimes embarrassed when he has to praise, he is always entertaining when he dismisses or annihilates. To dispatch a drama, a production, or an actor, he does not reach for a nightstick, a broadsword, or a bazooka. Instead, he goes quietly and smilingly to work with a stiletto or a scalpel, relying on irony where his lessers fall back on wisecracks. Correct as his lay readers and confreres are in relishing Mr. Gibbs's talents, and much as theatrical people may enjoy his notices of other theatrical people, there are undoubtedly those about whom he has written as a reviewer who would have been unsaddened had he had a failure when he dared to write a play.

Aisle-sitting is one way of influencing people without winning friends. As surely as sand-hogs must be on their guard against "the bends" and miners against silicosis, reviewers must be willing to accept disesteem, if not abuse, as an occupational hazard. And why not? Turn about is fair play. If we can dish it out, we ought to be prepared to take it. We do not have to try our luck as playwrights to try the patience of others. The mere fact that we presume to pass personal judgments in *print* is alienating enough.

Human nature would not be human nature if, when critics bob up as dramatists, many people were not eager to slap them down. There have been men professionally employed as reviewers, such as Lessing, Wilde, Shaw, Archer, Ashley Dukes, and George S. Kaufman, who have managed to bridge the unbridgeable gap and succeed as playwrights. But the number of reviewers who cannot write plays is even larger than the number of dramatists suffering from the same deficiency. It would, in fact, fill several telephone directories and find me happily included among the "B's." This is a source of genuine pleasure to all critic-baiters who, having scant respect for criticism itself, subscribe to the fallacy that every reviewer is a disappointed dramatist.

TO THE relief, therefore, of the Drama Critics Circle Mr. Gibbs has emerged from the ordeal-by-first-night as a reviewer who cannot be described as a disappointed dramatist. The notice of "Season in the Sun" which everybody would like to read is Mr. Gibbs's own. How he would deal with it, were it the work of another man, is a conjecture fascinating in its possibilities. Yet I doubt if even he, much as he might squirm at its more serious introductory and concluding moments, and regardless of what lacks



Richard Whorf and Nancy Kelly—"Mr. Gibbs's fellow reviewers can now breathe more freely."

*SEASON IN THE SUN, a comedy by Wolcott Gibbs. Staged by Burgess Meredith. Setting by Boris Aronson. Presented by Courtney Burr and Malcolm Pearson. With a cast including Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Anthony Ross, King Calder, Paula Lawrence, Eddie Mayehoff, Grace Valentine, Doreen Lang, etc. At the Cort Theatre, New York City. Opened September 28, 1950.

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he might find here and there, could deny that it has its very funny lines, characters, and scenes and provides a highly diverting evening in the theatre.

The truth is that no one except Mr. Gibbs could have written "Season in the Sun." In many respects it is as personal as a first novel. Its magazine editor, who persuades one of his authors to abandon novel-writing and return to his editorial duties, is clearly patterned on *The New Yorker*'s Harold Ross and with equal clarity the writer so persuaded has his origins in Mr. Gibbs. Although I refuse to believe Mr. Gibbs could ever produce a novel similar to the one from which he offers us a few distressing samples, no one who has ever known him or been to Fire Island can fail to realize that "Season in the Sun" is not entirely fictional.

Few causes engender or enlist such violent partisanship as summer resorts. Americans, who have largely outgrown states' rights, are apt to feel almost the same allegiance to the places where they spend their vacations as they do to the nation and the flag. Once dug in for keeps at such a place, they cannot bear to hear the praises of rival resorts. They take pains not to hide their hostility or condescension toward those luckless ones who count themselves lucky on other beaches, by other lakes, or on other mountains.

MR. GIBBS is not a Chamber of Commerce type. Nonetheless he is a passionate Fire Islander. "I guess I really like it here better than any place in the world," his hero muses in that fine collection of *New Yorker* pieces from which the comedy takes its title. "For the moment his delight in Fire Island, in this one place where life could be slowed to the almost forgotten tempo of childhood, seemed as much as he could bear. The distance from New York, by train and boat, was only fifty terrestrial miles, but in spirit it was enormous. You ate and slept in the dark, untidy little houses that lay along the dunes between the sea and the bay, but most of your life was spent on the loveliest beach in the East, a narrow, sunny shelf that ran thirty miles along the Atlantic, from Babylon to Quogue, and here you just lay in the sun, and all the staggering complexity of your relations with others, the endless, hopeless bookkeeping of your personal morality with too many people, could be put aside for a little while. It was a state of wonderful irresponsibility, a time in which you belonged to nobody but yourself, on which there were no

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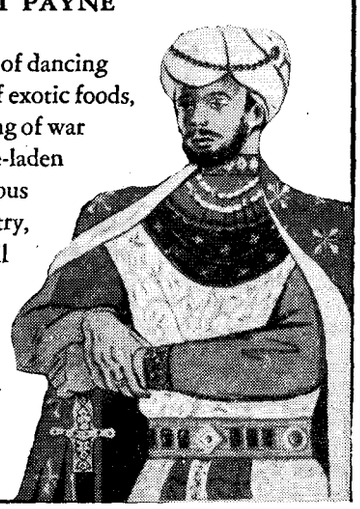

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immediate claims from the world."

The Fire Island of "Season in the Sun" may not seem as bucolic to some as it does to Mr. Gibbs. His characters, however colorful, are scarcely of a kind to guarantee a restful summer free from staggeringly complex relations. In addition to his principals, they include an eccentric landlady, a drunken handyman, a blonde homebreaker, two fairies, a superbly tiresome Princeton graduate, his conventional wife, and one of New York's most notorious madams.

Mr. Gibbs supplies a sort of plot, indeed the one about a wife whose husband almost strays. Considered as an example of play carpentry, "Season in the Sun" is as informal, shall we say, as the architecture of the cottages on Mr. Gibbs's section of Fire Island, which Boris Aronson has reproduced perfectly in his setting. Mr. Gibbs's first interest is his people and their peculiarities. These he approaches in as frankly anecdotal or episodic a way as he did in his *New Yorker* pieces. The scenes, taken one by one, may enjoy the independence of vaudeville sketches, and such a character as the landlady, who is hilarious when first encountered, may seem less entertaining on her subsequent appearances. Nevertheless, the evening's laughs are many, deserved, and irresistible.

To these Burgess Meredith contributes by the gaiety of his direction and the skill with which he integrates the various incidents. Anthony Ross's cyclonic editor is brilliantly characterized; Eddie Mayehoff captures convulsingly the dulness of a respectable bore; and Richard Whorf, always a good actor, takes happy advantage of some of the most uproarious drinking bouts to be seen behind local footlights in years. Indeed, with the exception of Paula Lawrence's bordello executive and Charles Thompson's drunken handyman, all of the players do justice to an exuberant script.

Mr. Gibbs's writing in "Season in the Sun" is disappointing to such a fan of his as I am in only one respect. His dialogue, though genuinely humorous, is not witty in the manner of his prose. It is deliberately written on a different level. It benefits by his delectable sense of the absurd, but does not allow us to enjoy the delights of his style. His play is a comedy, not a high comedy. Its gags are good, giddy, and Broadway wise. That I enjoyed it I neither can nor wish to deny. Even so, I keep hoping, now that Mr. Gibbs has proved to himself and others he can be the author of a very entertaining and successful play, that he will next try his hand at the comedy of manners I am confident he can write.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

SRL Reader Poll

FAVORITES—OLD AND NEW

A COMPACT guide for the discriminating citizen to books, movies, records, both classical and popular, radio programs, and television shows was compiled by *SRL* readers in answering the current cross-country poll.

From the answers to the question "What books, old or new, have you recently read which you particularly enjoyed," the following twenty-five titles emerged as leaders:

1. "John Adams and the American Revolution," by Catherine Drinker Bowen
2. "Shakespeare of London," by Marchette Chute
3. "Cry, the Beloved Country," by Alan Paton
4. "The Mature Mind," by H. S. Overstreet
5. "The Wall," by John Hersey
6. "The Peabody Sisters of Salem," by Louise Hall Tharp
7. "The Diplomat," by James Aldridge
8. "The Lady's Not for Burning," by Christopher Fry
9. "Too Little Love," by Robert Henriques
10. "The Cardinal," by Henry Morton Robinson
11. "The Little Princesses," by Marion Crawford
12. "The Thread That Runs So True," by Jesse Stuart
13. "The Grand Alliance," by Winston Churchill
14. "The Golden Warrior," by Hope Muntz
15. "Nineteen Hundred and Eighty-Four," by George Orwell
16. "The Feast," by Margaret Kennedy
17. "The Story of Language," by Mario Pei
18. "Incredible Tale," by Gerald Johnson
19. "Ordeal by Slander," by Owen Lattimore
20. "On the Wisdom of America," by Lin Yutang
21. "The Classical Tradition," by Gilbert Highet
22. "This I Remember," by Eleanor Roosevelt
24. "World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren
25. "The Little World of Don Camillo," by Giovanni Guareschi

In the field of recorded music, both classical and popular, *SRL* readers reported they had recently purchased and particularly enjoyed the following ten selections:

1. Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord," performed by Wanda Landowska (RCA Victor)
2. Handel's "Messiah," performed by the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent (Columbia)
3. "South Pacific," performed by the original cast (Columbia)
4. Bach's Mass in B Minor, performed by the RCA Victor Chorus with soloists under the direction of Robert Shaw (RCA Victor)
5. Bartok's Concerto No. 3 for Piano and Orchestra, performed by Gyorgy Sandor and the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy (Columbia)
6. "Lost in the Stars," performed by the original cast (Decca)
7. "Kiss Me Kate," performed by the original cast (Columbia)
8. Brahms's Symphony No. 1, performed by Leopold Stokowski and the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra (RCA Victor)
9. Beethoven's Symphony No. 7, performed by Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (RCA Victor)
10. Bach's Organ Music, performed by E. Power Biggs (Columbia)

Out of their movie attendance the *SRL* readers selected the following as films they found particularly enjoyable recently:

1. "The Third Man," 2. "Treasure Island," 3. "Red Shoes," 4. "All the King's Men," 5. "The Asphalt Jungle," 6. "Annie Get Your Gun," 7. "Broken Arrow," 8. "Cinderella," 9. "Twelve O'Clock High," 10. "Three Little Words," 11. "Kind Hearts and Coronets," and 12. "The Bicycle Thief"

Music seems to predominate among the radio programs *SRL* readers prefer. Replies coming in from all over the country listed these favorites:

1. The Telephone Hour, over NBC
2. Theatre Guild of the Air, over NBC
3. NBC Symphony
4. New York Philharmonic, over CBS
5. Town Meeting of the Air, over ABC
6. Groucho Marx, over NBC
7. Invitation to Learning, over CBS
8. Metropolitan Opera, over NBC
9. Voice of Firestone, over NBC
10. NBC Theatre

In something of a contrast to radio, music had very little support among preferred television programs reported by *SRL* readers:

1. Broadcasts from the United Nations, over CBS
2. Philco Playhouse, over WNBT
3. Howdy Doody, over NBC
4. Studio One, over CBS
5. Kraft Theatre, over NBC
6. Who Said That? over NBC
7. Hopalong Cassidy, over NBC

A number of *SRL* readers noted on their questionnaires that they were very much interested in television, but that they at present had decided not to buy sets until the quality of the programs had been improved.

—WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.

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SRL Goes to the Movies

THE CASE OF JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

I'M NOT sure that one viewing is enough to report fully and objectively on "All About Eve,"* one of the most handsomely mounted productions to come out of Hollywood in some time. You might say it reeks with glamour, and so lavish are the décor and the trappings at times that this "bitter comedy" about the theatre and theatre people almost fails in its avowedly satirical purpose. Hollywood, I suspect, has gone a bit "theatrical" in its attempt to dissect the Broadway theatre and its ways and has, in a sense, paid it more homage than perhaps it intended to. The mélange is a strange one: a "slick" story has been given a super-slick treatment; yet every now and then the illusion of reality comes through. There is overstatement, and there are subtle wit and perception. It would be hard to find the equal on the current stage of some of the bright lines sprinkled through "All About Eve." Hollywood has done itself proud and again, I suppose, revealed itself. However, those who feel that Hollywood is growing up will have considerable evidence on their side in this movie; in order to comprehend fully a lot of its dialogue and action (though certainly not all) the post-adolescent stage would seem to be a necessary requirement.

The author of the screen play—this dignified term can be used, I think—is Joseph L. Mankiewicz. From the opening moment a fresh breeze, induced by the remarkable quality of the dialogue emerging from the sound-track,—seems to sweep through the movie house.

From then on, though, the screen play shifts into the delineation of a fairly familiar story about some fairly familiar theatre types. There is the stage-struck girl, sweet on the surface and ruthless underneath, who wangles her way into the star's dressing room and then proceeds coldly to knife everyone who stands in the way of her own path to stardom. *Her* name is Eve (Anne Baxter). There is the aging star (Bette Davis), the successful playwright (Hugh Marlowe), the acidulous critic (George Sanders), the brittle-tongued wife of the playwright (Celeste Holm), and the talented young director (Gary Merrill). And although these have almost reached the stage of being stock types by now, you are almost convinced to the contrary, so fervently does the cast play them.

They all manage to do nobly by and for Mr. Mankiewicz. This kind of comedy seems made to order for Bette Davis; she gets the funny lines off with nearly the crackle of a Tallulah Bankhead (whom she not very uncannily seems to resemble from time to time in this movie) and she has some impassioned moments that allow her a range of expression without which, it seems, she cannot be happy. She is the spoiled child-lady of the theatre, disenchanted and, at the same time, a sucker for the tear-jerking spiel, in love with a man eight years her junior who "will always look his thirty-two years," and achieving a measure of dignity as she finally decides to settle down and be her age. We have seen this role before, both on stage and on screen: Miss Davis has, at the least, rejuvenated it. Chalk one up for her.

I'm not so sure about Anne Baxter, who has been given the hardest of the acting jobs to do. She has to convince some hard-boiled theatre people of her sincerity and her adoration for the theatre and the wonderful beings who inhabit it, and then gradually reveal her killer instincts as she moves in on Miss Davis, her friends, and producer (Gregory Ratoff), and her director-fiancé, until she gets what she wants: a fat role, raves, and a coveted award. The trouble is she has to convince the audience, too, and she seemed pretty transparent to me. The plot can't move along without her, though, and she and the plot must be accepted in order to get some of the picture's dividends.

These include another wonderfully done performance by Thelma Ritter—remember her rattling in the kitchen in "A Letter to Three Wives"?—and the presence of Celeste Holm, who seems to get more accomplished each time she shows up.

And there is George Sanders. He has, by now, played the elegant and intellectual rogue role often enough to be able to walk through it wearing a toga and carrying a baseball bat. In this, as the drama critic, he's most often to be seen in formal dress. His critic is an august conception, more in the nature of an "ideal" than any conceivable counterpart in real life, and as such he is marvelous to watch.

There's not much doubt that the man most responsible for the entertainment qualities of this film is Mr. Mankiewicz, a Hollywood-trained man who's come up the hard way (in a Hollywood sense). By now his style—"Letter to Three Wives" and "No Way Out"—is discernible. He's a man who can write a very sharp line, who can plot a story cleverly, and who has his own way of directing it. He obviously knows how to get the most out of his players, but more impor-

Gary Merrill, Gregory Ratoff, and Bette Davis—"a fresh breeze."

ALL ABOUT EVE, screen play by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Directed by Mr. Mankiewicz. Produced By Darryl F. Zanuck. With Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, George Sanders, Celeste Holm, Gary Merrill, Hugh Marlowe, Thelma Ritter, Marilyn Monroe, Gregory Ratoff, Barbara Bates, and Walter Hampden.

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tant than this is his ability to *stylize* a picture. The documentary approach is not for him; rather he likes to get as *fictional* a quality as possible, so that, if successful, the audience remains entirely in the realm of illusion. He prefers a slow pace, tries to get a quality of tension into each scene, and stretches this tension, as it were, about as far as it will go. Unfortunately, sometimes farther. "All About Eve" runs fully forty-five minutes longer than it ought to, and the overall effect would have been crisper, and the ingredients easier to swallow, if cutting had been done. Maybe it's the evident respect he has for his own screen play that makes him want to savor each moment.

He also has a way of alternating his adult and intelligent dialogue with a repetitious underscoring, sometimes through heavy symbolism, of a point already made. And during the last twenty minutes the film could have been nicely ended at almost any point he was willing to choose. However, he continues to flog you with its meaning: i.e., the emptiness of the kind of success Eve achieves, until you're gasping for relief. It's as though a nail were being hammered in. One blow would be sufficient, but the carpenter gives it a couple of extra bang-bangs for good measure. Faults Mr. Mankiewicz has, but let it be plainly said that he has an abundance of talents, too.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

SRL Recommends

All About Eve: Reviewed in this issue.

The Glass Menagerie: A deeply moving play transferred literally to the screen, with most of its power intact.

Treasure Island: Not up to Robert Louis Stevenson's immortal classic, but the goings on are still exciting and bloodthirsty enough.

Trio: Masterly telling of three top tales of W. Somerset Maugham.

Difficult Years: A moving study of Italy's "little man" trapped in the coils of Mussolini's Fascist state.

Panic in the Streets: Great direction by Elia Kazan makes this story of a plague outbreak in New Orleans a top-notch offering.

No Way Out: Controversial film about race prejudice. Good performances. Powerful and disturbing.

Sunset Boulevard: The triumphant return of Gloria Swanson in a memorable story of backstage Hollywood.

The Men: The affecting plight of paraplegic war veterans made gripping by Marlon Brando's remarkable performance in the lead role.

PERSONAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page 20*)

ite text was from Micah: "And what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Her life was useful, happy, and undisturbed, and she died a quick and peaceful death at seventy-four.

Since her life was without conflict, this book is without conflict also. But Abby Aldrich Rockefeller was in every way an admirable woman and Mary Ellen Chase has given her a fitting memorial.

Greenwood Capers

IN THE PINK. By Mildred Spurrier Topp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 242 pp. $2.50.

By PAMELA TAYLOR

READERS who had the good fortune to encounter Mildred Spurrier Topp's "Smile Please" will remember the author and her little sister as the most irrepressible, ingenious limbs of Satan on record. This new series of recollections of her childhood in Greenwood, Mississippi, is just as entertaining, just as lively, and just as uninhibited. Not quite so many personal exploits of little Mildred and sister Velma are included, but the small town was replete with characters full of salt and flavor, and as the bright-eyed little Spurriers seem to have missed nothing that went on in the community their stories are highly diverting. This new book confirms the evidence of Mrs. Topp's first that boredom or dulness in the small town can be attributed entirely to the eye of the beholder.

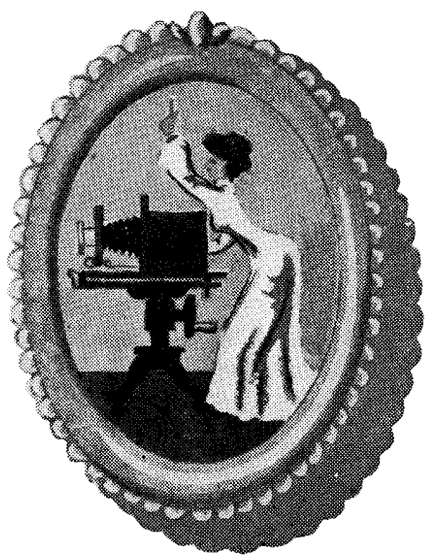
"In the Pink" opens with the saga of what happened when Mr. Isadore Goldstein, in New York on a buying trip for his store, bid on a painting at auction and subsequently presented it to the Baptist Church under the impression that it represented some Biblical worthy, and how the Daughters of the Confederacy were convulsed with secession over the identity of the subject portrayed.

Mildred's grandfather is the hero of several episodes, including "Mites for the Monument," a campaign started by the seceding or Stonewall Jackson chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. A rugged old party, highly individual, with an independent taste for racy company, Grandfather is one of the most lively and amusing figures in the book.

How Miss Tempe, the village seamstress, found happiness and gave it is a touching story which continues throughout the year covered by the book; heart-breaking at times, it reaches a triumphant and hilarious climax with the town drunk in the hospital, enjoying a hero's laurels.

For me, however, the most satisfying part of this new book is Mrs. Topp's chapter on the Montmorencys and their thirteen children. Christmas at their big country place ("Stratford-on-the-Yazoo," and how could there be a more perfect name?) turns out to be even more engaging than anything recounted of this feckless, handsome, and warm-hearted family. "The Major and Miss Madge" (Mr. and Mrs. Montmorency to Northerners) lost in admiration for their practical children, one of whom has just sold the furnace to cover his gambling debts because, after all, "we only use it in cold weather," are my favorite parents of all time. "Miss Madge" buys shoes for her children by having the local merchant send out fifty pairs on approval; but she never returns any lest she hurt his feelings after he has taken so much trouble. And "The Major," feeling exceedingly hard-up, begins his economy campaign by asking the younger members of his family not to draw such big checks on him, please.

To Mrs. Topp must go in all fairness full credit for presenting life in the deep South from a new, unique, and excruciatingly funny angle. She lets us laugh *with* her and with Greenwood, Mississippi, but never at it. Although her small-town chronicles are all funny ones, she reminds us deftly that only in such a community are a man's true colors known. His faults may be well known to his neighbors, thoroughly enjoyed by every gossip, but his virtues, which might never be noticed in a big city, will be equally evident to everyone.



—From the jacket of "In the Pink."

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What Price Royalties

THE COST OF A BEST SELLER. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. New York: Julian Messner. 126 *pp.* $2.

By EVELYN EATON

WE LIVE in an age when gratuitous information is difficult to dodge. We have not escaped being told the "motivation" behind a comic strip or, via *New Yorker* profile, what goes into Pepsi-Cola to make it bounce more to the ounce. Now we are told the cost in estimated spiritual values, of what goes into a successful commercial product of the book business.

Mrs. Keyes makes Honor Bright, the heroine of her first best seller, say in words which she acknowledges to be her own working creed:

> What really counts is that I've put everything I have and everything I am into this story—all the study, all the thought, all the workmanship, all the effort of which I am capable. There isn't a line in it that's slipshod or superficial or insincere. That's the way I feel writing ought to be, flowing and free and beautiful.

Honor is speaking to her publisher and, of course, we all exaggerate a little when we're with the boys, but a sincere belief in the quality of the fizz to be produced in the drink or in the fiction is essential to sound salesmanship. Mrs. Keyes feels she is "in touch with the human family throughout the world—rich and poor, old and

young, wise and ignorant—because of my books." Suddenly, she says, "I knew that no price is too high for such fellowship and such communion, that everything which had gone into my life work was worth while."

We learn some of what has gone into her life work as her words flow freely and beautifully (well not quite freely; her books cost the reader as much as a volume by Proust, say, or Virginia Woolf); we learn that her birthday is in midsummer, that she dislikes snakes, that she never misses a deadline, that she was unable to attend her son's wedding because she was working on "The River Road," that it is annoying to answer fool questions about inspiration, and that she begins and ends her work with prayer. She never allows anything or anyone to come before her work. She has made heroic sacrifices, being carried from beds of pain to her desk, in order not to disappoint her publisher. She has the book-businessman's idea of an ideal writer's temperament.

Balzac wrote of his approach to his desk: "*Je m'y mets avec angoisse, je le quitte avec desespoir.*" He also allowed nothing to come between him and his work. He sacrificed as much in as many ways as Mrs. Keyes and a few ways more, but he did it in the cause of literature. Is anything less than the writing of great prose, or at least of good prose, worth such a price? It is a pity that Mrs. Keyes with her aptitude for hard work, serious purpose, and willingness to sacrifice did not choose the cause of literature. Perhaps it was impossible. Anyway, Mrs. Keyes "hits the spot" for millions of readers, and it is probably captious to ask any more of her.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 383

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 383 will be found in the next issue.

FGGN LM CBW FKFLH

EBG SGWM OGC

MKNFRMM BLM ZRMCWN.

----- HWGORNSG SR

QLOVL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 382

Ceremony and great professing renders friendship as much suspect as it does religion.

—W. WYCHERLEY.

Men of Faith

THESE SOUGHT A COUNTRY. By Kenneth Scott Latourette. New York: Harper & Bros. 156 *pp.* $1.75.

By KENNETH D. MILLER

PROFESSOR LATOURETTE of Yale Divinity School has specialized in the history of the foreign missionary movement. He has a more thorough knowledge of the development of missions, the personalities involved, and the results attained than any other living scholar. Of the seven volumes in his History of the Expansion of Christianity, a monumental work of scholarly research, the last four volumes were devoted to the history of the progress of Christianity during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, when the missionary movement was making itself felt.

In the present volume Latourette has set himself a limited objective but one with wide implications. He takes the lives of five missionary leaders as a basis of the discussion of the question as to whether heroic and self-sacrificing living by an individual is worth while. In our present complex civilization, where history seems to be made by the collective action of groups, does the individual count for anything?

Here were five men of various Protestant denominations: William Carey, Samuel John Mills, Hudson Taylor, Timothy Richard, Joseph Hardy Neesima. Two of them were English, one Welsh, one American, one Japanese. Each "sought a country" as was written of the men of faith in the Epistle to the Hebrews. "But what follows their search? Is their faith justified by the event? As they venture forth, how is their daring rewarded?" asks the author.

One wishes that Professor Latourette could have given a more clear-cut answer. For with him thousands of good people are asking the question "what good can an individual do?" "Can the Christian individual hope by his faith to combat successfully the evils which seem to be hurrying the race to its doom?"

But the author is objective and realistic. These men hoped to see an entire nation converted to Christianity. Some expected that as a result the culture of an India or a China would be completely transformed. Richard strove for the abolition of war. Mills worked to remake all of Africa through the power of the gospel. Neesima counted in winning all of Japan. None of these hopes and dreams have been realized.

And yet Latourette argues, and rightly, that lives such as these can-

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not be called failures. While their dreams were not completely realized, progress towards the Christian goal has been made, definite, measurable progress, for which these five men were partly responsible. So Professor Latourette pleads with Christians to dream of the seemingly impossible and to take steps to achieve it. God brings His Kingdom through men daring to live now as if in the divine age and never resting content until all their fellow men share it.

Books like this are a good antidote to the "what's the use?" frame of mind. One wishes that the book were more incisive on this, its main point.

Personal History Notes

FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE: The Life of Dr. Peter Fayssoux of Charleston, South Carolina, by Chalmers G. Davidson. Medical Assn. of South Carolina. $2.75. The innkeeper's son in "Barnaby Rudge" lost an arm in defense of Savannah toward the end of the American Revolution, and he may well have been attended by Dr. Peter Fayssoux. In 1776 the doctor had toiled behind the palmetto logs while the British fleet pounded Moultrie's fort. Charleston surrendered in 1780, and Fayssoux, in charge of the hospital, exposed the barbarity of the captors. In 1781 he was exchanged. When the Southern Department of the Army was organized Fayssoux became chief physician of the Charleston Hospital at a salary of $140 a month, plus two rations per day and forage for two horses. For the rest of his life (he died in 1795 at the age of fifty) he maintained an active interest in political affairs and remained in the forefront of his profession. His competent biographer, drawing heavily on manuscript sources, calls him the father of medicine in his native state, and the record justifies his claim to distinction alike in science and in public affairs.

BRICKS AND FLOWERS: Memoirs of Katherine Everett. Macmillan. $3. This is a perfectly titled book, "because the building of houses and making of gardens have given me pleasure," writes Mrs. Everett, and houses and gardens are the twin themes of this delightful autobiography. If the sturdy English artisan was dismayed at the prospect of a lady boss, he quickly got over it, particularly the mason who bricked himself into a lavatory and had to be hauled out with block and tackle. Restoring three ancient condemned cottages in Kent, Mrs. Everett found on "one of the early sun-dried bricks . . . the clear imprint of a cat's paw, indicating that a cat must have walked on it more than 300 years before we extracted it." This sort of pleasant detail makes for agreeable reading, and behind and above all the minutiae hovers a friendly and charming personality.

"Why, it's Whitford Kane, author of 'How to Make a Million Dollars'!"

CROWDED COMPANY, by Philip Gibbs. Medill McBride Co. $3.50. This book has one of those eighteenth-century billboard title pages: "In which one meets a variety of men and women in high places and low, famous and unknown, among whom are writers, painters, poets, politicians, pretty ladies, and a crowded company of ghosts from the roll-call of remembrance." That is a long subtitle for such a small book, by a man who has written many books and who has seen and lived most of the world's excitement during a tempestuous half-century. Sir Philip, home at last from the wars, writes with a gaiety and briskness that belie his seventy-three years. In an alarming time, he does not view with alarm, because here the view is backward, across a period which, despite its stress and tumult, was at least not lethal since one managed to survive it. Sir Philip is too good a reporter and too sound a historian to descend to trivia; his anecdotes are excellent, and many of them are important. There are a dozen illustrations, all by Sir Philip himself, no less. They all show places, not people: pencil in hand, Sir Philip obviously fights shy of the human form. But, by way of compensation, the text consists entirely of people, great and little, but all real, and all engagingly and vividly portrayed.

STEAMBOATING SIXTY-FIVE YEARS ON MISSOURI'S RIVERS, by Captain William L. Heckman. Burton Publishing Co., Kansas City. $3.50. On July 23, 1934, the towboat *Patrick Gass* reached Running Water, South Dakota, with a cargo of steel poles—woodpeckers had cut down the hundred-foot cedar poles that carried the telephone lines across the Missouri. Rivermen are superstitious — they don't like a boat that has six letters in its name, and they won't take another boat's bell and put it on their own. And they don't (or at least didn't) like a preacher on a white horse for a passenger. Navigable water is "good river." A "mountain boat" is just that—a boat that can "go to the mountains," that is, to Fort Benton, Montana, 2,300 miles up the Missouri from St. Louis, and as truly a port as Boston, New Orleans, or San Francisco. Captain Heckman's reminiscences are miscellaneous, discursive, and disorganized, but they are undeniably authentic and well worth preservation.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

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notes later in his book, the Japanese combined fleet had already left Hitokappu Bay, days before the receipt of the Hull note, with sealed orders to attack Pearl Harbor.

Jerome B. Cohen is author of "Japan's Economy in War and Reconstruction."

Capital Referee

PRESIDENTIAL AGENCY, OWMR, by Herman Miles Somers. Harvard University Press. $4.50. This book recounts, among other things, the bloodier skirmishes among the Federal bureaucracy in what came to be known during World War II as the "Battle of Washington." By its nature, this sort of warfare cannot produce heroes, only shades of villainy or scapegoatism. But Mr. Somers picks out one definite heroic band—the Office of War Mobilization (later, the OWMR, with R added for Reconversion), which tried to bring peace to Pennsylvania Avenue and the Pentagon Building. His is, however, only incidentally a tale of battle. It is primarily a sober administrative history of the top agency in the Executive Branch charged with the delicate, difficult task of coordinating the home front for war and, later, for readjustment from war. In the main, OWM-OWMR at its best and most successful operated half behind the scenes, dealing solely with other Washington agencies. Probably its full importance in determining policy was never grasped by the public. Its ability to make its paper authority into real power seems to have depended upon the personal prestige of its directors—notably James Byrnes and Fred Vinson—with Congress and the agencies and on their decision to oversee bureaucratic functions but not usurp those functions to themselves. As a result—under Byrnes in particular—the agency, in Mr. Somers's treatment, shows to advantage.

Here is a valuable, informative book, made timely not only by our stepped-up remilitarization but by a short concluding section on how to avoid the administrative in-fighting of 1939-46 in the present and future emergencies. For understanding of a deep and important Governmental problem, Mr. Somers should be read. Unfortunately, he hasn't made this easy, for long service in Washington has afflicted his writing style with the disease called Federal prose.

—PETER R. LEVIN.

BOOKS FROM Chicago

THE SOCIAL CRISIS OF OUR TIME

By WILHELM ROPKE. "One of the half dozen most important books on the present world crisis . . . This is integration in the flesh—of economics, sociology, religion, politics and the arts. It has had a deep influence in Western Europe, and I predict that it will go far on this side."—HARRY D. GIDEONSE. "Surely one of the most eminent books which have been written on the political and economic problems of our time." —BENEDETTO CROCE. *$3.50*

THE IDEA AND PRACTICE OF GENERAL EDUCATION: An Account of the College of the University of Chicago

By PRESENT AND FORMER MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY. Why does the College at Chicago prescribe a course of study for its students instead of offering them their choice of a wide variety of electives? What is this course of study? How was it decided upon, and how is it taught? This book relates the origins of the experiment in general education carried on at Chicago, its development, and the results that have been achieved. *$3.50*

PRINCIPLES OF INTENSIVE PSYCHOTHERAPY

By FRIEDA FROMM-REICHMANN, M.D. "A very adaptable and resourceful approach to psychotherapy."—THOMAS M. FRENCH, M.D. "A wealth of clinical and technical detail. It will be of great value to students and teachers, yet it has also that special quality of a really good primer: to bring knowledge and stimulation to the most advanced technician."—KARL A. MENNINGER, M.D. *$3.75*

CATALOGUES AND COUNTERS: A History of Sears, Roebuck & Company

By BORIS EMMET AND JOHN E. JEUCK. "Would be interesting as fiction. As history, not only of a business but of America in its most dynamic era, it is excellent."—B. EARLE PUCKETT. ". . . the story of a business concern, this is a unique and interesting study in folklore and capitalism. The folklore consists of the legends and lore that cluster around the name 'Sears, Roebuck' . . . The capitalism is that of a phenomenally successful firm . . ." —DAVID L. COHN, *N. Y. Times.* *Now in its third printing. 807 pages. $7.50*

A CRITIQUE OF LOGICAL POSITIVISM

By C. E. M. JOAD. The author believes that "logical positivism tends to undermine rational and to encourage irrational beliefs." In this book he sums up his vigorous critique of the influential school of modern thought exemplified in A. J. Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic,* and analyses logical positivism so as to demonstrate its inadequacy and dangers as a philosophy. *$2.75*

ARCHITECTURE OF THE OLD NORTHWEST TERRITORY: A Study of Early Architecture in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Part of Minnesota.

By REXFORD NEWCOMB. Here are 249 photographs of beauty and brilliance—an eloquent record of American buildings in the Old Northwest. In the accompanying text Dean Newcomb traces the change from early classic forms to more native styles, drawing on his excursions to all the buildings described to give vitality and warmth to his account. *8¾ x 11¼. $20.00*

At all bookstores
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WHY ADVERTISE GOD'S COUNTRY?

(*Continued from page 10*)

equipment, and money. It has also had to struggle against an entrenched adversary, better equipped, more unscrupulous, and, so far at least, more skilled. It has had to battle against a whole series of psychological obstacles which this adversary has been busy creating and fortifying for the last three decades. And, worst of all, it has been handicapped by the lack of a positive American foreign policy ample enough, enticing enough, and new enough to capture the heart of worried humanity.

The United States stands for capitalism, freedom, and democracy. Most Americans, except during the Depression years, have felt so sure of the superiority of capitalism that they have not observed how far it has fallen in popular esteem elsewhere. A century of disparagement and criticism of private initiative by generations of Socialists has spread doubt both of its justice and of its soundness as an economic system. Outside our country economic planning of one sort or another is still the rage—though a diminishing rage. The United States points to its success as a capitalist nation and invites economic comparison. Other peoples refuse the challenge. They are acutely aware of what their particular kind of capitalism has not—as they see it—done for them. They recognize no distinction between the United States system and what they knew at home prior to 1939. To them capitalism remains capitalism.

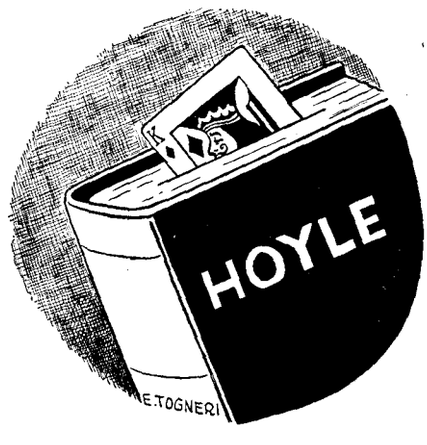
Moreover, ever since 1917 the Soviet Government has made a point of associating in the public mind certain neutral words with certain acknowledged evils. The Kremlin wants the world to believe that *investment, profits, Wall Street, bourgeois* are tantamount to *imperialism, colonialism, exploitation, war.* Since the disappearance of Hitler Soviet propaganda has concentrated on the United States as the foremost enemy of the human race.

Most Americans are puzzled to learn that our nation has a somewhat tarnished reputation for democracy.

Under Woodrow Wilson and F. D. Roosevelt the United States temporarily acquired a terrific reputation for real democracy and anti-imperialism. Here, people thought, is a country that practises what it preaches. Documents like the Atlantic Charter stirred hopes of universal freedom. In consequence, FDR's readiness to utilize outright Fascists like Marshal Pétain, Admiral Darlan, and Marcel Peyrouton was a shock. America's adoption of Marshal Badoglio and the pro-Fascist king in Italy, combined with the refusal to allow Italians and Germans to make a clean sweep of their Fascists, was a sin that the equally "expedient" support given to Communist Josip Broz Tito in Yugoslavia never canceled out. After liberation European Socialists expected the American Administration to hand over their respective governments to them—and were indignant when it did not.

The United States' failure to throw out the Spanish dictatorship of Francisco Franco, the friend of Hitler and Mussolini, our unnecessary insistence on the admittance of Fascist Argentina as a charter member of the United Nations and subsequent appeasement of that government—these have left a bad taste in many mouths, and not only abroad. Many Europeans, moreover, resent the intrusion of any church into politics. In Germany and Italy they accuse the United States of keeping Catholic regimes in power—and resent it intensely.

In Asia the United States has also, with less justice, been accused of supporting "reaction" and "European imperialism." During the war Asiatic nationalism, skilfully heated by Japanese occupants, boiled over. The republic of Indonesia was first proclaimed in the house of a Japanese admiral at Batavia! This was one reason why the United States, while welcoming Britain's liberation of India, Pakistan, and Burma, has been reluctant to turn on and despoil wartime allies like France and the Netherlands of their colonial holdings. We tried to be friends with both sides. In China we first sought to compel Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to broaden his Government to include Communists and then deserted him when he refused, thus losing both ways. To the politically naive Asiatic intellectuals who head most of the nationalist movements it took actual armed aggression to counterbalance the leftover hatred of European rule and suspicion of all Westerners, including Americans.



Furthermore, most of the world looks critically on American color and racial discrimination at home. How, they ask, can the United States honorably claim to have created a society without status? "Restricted" hotels and signs "For whites only" are bad sales talk for a people that claims to be democratic and humanitarian. How much more civilized the racial tolerance (except toward Jews) generally observed in the Soviet Union! It is not easy for the United States Administration to persuade into partnership with us countries whose citizens many American hotels snub and turn away because their skins are dark.

Our brusque cancellation of lend-lease in 1945 and the ending of wartime economic aid to Latin America were misunderstood. Resented, too, was the (justified) cancellation of UNRRA, which Communists in East Europe were using to fortify their antidemocratic tyrannies.

NATURAL envy also works against the United States. Nobody loves the rich and powerful, particularly not the poor and weak. Impoverished Europeans and Asiatic paupers find something attractive and friendly in the co-poverty of the Soviet Union that they do not find in American abundance, American motion pictures, with their prevailing materialism and adolescent sentimentality, are at the same time enjoyed as escape and resented as a (presumed) reality. No amount of publicity can quite allay the wrath of the world's hungry when they hear of the United States Administration's buying up and destroying foodstuffs in order to support home prices.

Highly cultured European and Latin-American individuals traditionally look upon United States Americans as uncultured "colonials." Indeed, they consider that during colonial days Americans reached a peak of real culture that our subsequent mass civilization has never equaled. In theory they may admit the validity of a society that gives the majority pretty much the kind of lives they want. In practice they cannot forgive our patent disregard for what they consider intellectual eminence. Outside the United States intellect is the more admired the less it has to do with material matters. European politicians find it politically profitable to produce a book or two, preferably on

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a nonpolitical, nonpractical subject. For the most part "mere" businessmen are on the European Continent socially acceptable only when extremely rich.

Throughout the world outside the United States intellectual leaders are the most honored of citizens. In the Soviet Union such people, provided that they promote rigid orthodoxy, enjoy almost unlimited esteem and exceptional incomes. Throughout Europe and Asia, though intellectuals sometimes starve, they sit high on the social ladder. For their governments and their peoples believe that ideas ultimately decide the fate of nations. Hence people of ideas are important. In the United States our professors and teachers are not so much underpaid as underesteemed.

The United States is indeed boisterously anti-intellectual. Our standards are mass standards, established for the most part by the public market. On the whole ours are average values, not those of an exceptional minority.

Foreign intellectuals despise our mass entertainments, our money standards, our (apparent) indifference to individual distinction. Average foreigners hanker for the American way of life. But outside the United States average citizens still generally accept as "best" not what they personally would prefer (for being relatively uneducated, how can they know?) but what their intellectuals tell them is best. When the latter tell them that the USA and the USSR are uncultured countries both pursuing the same purely material ends, the masses are impressed and listen to those who advocate "neutrality" in the "purely Russo-American conflict."

The tone not only of a foreign country's press but to some extent of its politics depends on what the country's intellectuals think of the United States. Frequently this is not much.

Proud, once powerful peoples resent having to be protected by anyone. While they increasingly fear the Soviet Union, they hate depending upon America for prosperity and survival. Therefore, they lend at least one ear to the Soviet charge that the United States is in essence imperialistic and militaristic. There is something comical in hearing those Europeans whose "endless wars" once furnished the best arguments to American isolationists now reversing the charges.

There is something tragicomical in the frantic efforts of scared Europeans and of Asiatic casuists to interpret the Communist threat to the entire world as essentially a Russo-American dog fight from which all other countries can keep aloof. A former corollary to this—ably promoted by all Communists—was that the United States sought to defend its "moribund capitalism" by enlisting foreign "cannon fodder"—a myth that appeals to the decadent everywhere. The best equipped and second largest fighting force in Europe outside the USSR is that of little Switzerland, a brave country with just over four million inhabitants. Far larger countries are claiming that they are "unable to afford" the cost of defending either their freedom or their independence! To excuse themselves, such people accuse the United States of secretly plotting World War III. Therefore, they argue, why not stay out? This

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argument has been fortified by American reluctance to provide a larger share of the ground forces for defending exposed European or Asiatic areas.

In order to win we must erase the false impressions that are being given of us and puncture the lies that are being spread in defense, even in glorification, of the Soviet Union and totalitarian Communism.

Against some of the attacks upon us we have no positive rebuttal. We cannot erase our wartime acts of military expediency. We cannot hide the fact that certain Americans in authority overseas do favor bigoted clerical regimes and frown on social democracy. Yet none of the governments which we have supported are as basically reactionary as the USSR's.

We shall need time to get rid of race and color discrimination. We shall need even more time and a sort of renascence to intellectualize our basic values.

We could, though we probably shall not, stop the schoolboy boasting about our power and wealth. We could cease giving verbal offense to friendly peoples.

We can certainly demonstrate that we are trying by all honest means to avoid war. We have demonstrated our opposition to totalitarian aggression in all its forms.

We can both state and demonstrate our attachment to peace and law, to the rights of men and women, to charity and to religious freedom, to free cooperation between individuals and peoples, and to their essential equality, regardless of historical development, race, or color.

In relation to the captive peoples of the Expansionist Bloc the task of American propaganda, here called psychological warfare, is somewhat different. Outwardly the job remains the same as to friends and neutrals, the manipulation of symbols so as to bring about a change in prevailing opinion.

But captive peoples do not primarily need to be persuaded of the virtues of the United States. Nor do they need to be convinced that Communism is fraudulent. They know all about its enslavement, intellectual corruption, and militarism. They do not need descriptions of the police state, with its enforced conformity, of espionage, terror, torture, death camps, of the wilful perversion of history, science, and art. These are their deadly fare. They cannot move without feeling the Iron Curtain. They know that Stalin's regime, so loud in its profession of reason, is the epitome of unreason. They know what it means to live among contradictions and absurdities in a country where nothing means what it says and everything becomes its opposite.

The millions of Soviet soldiers who gave themselves up to the Germans during World War II and the hundreds of thousands who voluntarily served the Nazis—these bore witness to the gnawing dissatisfaction at the base of the Soviet state. What have been called the "miranda and credenda" (what the Politburo wants the people to admire and believe) of that fraudulent society have long been discredited. One does not need to tell its victims that a despotism possesses no legitimacy. Once belief in legitimacy has gone, fear remains the only barrier to revolt. Once the masses cease to believe, the participants in rule begin to doubt. Once the rulers begin to doubt, the situation—as Lenin well knew—is ripe for change.

Satellite peoples have already learned how Moscow, far from conferring material benefits, strips their economy and brings them down to the slum level of the USSR.

This situation provides targets for every sort of verbal weapon—humor, mockery, argument, demonstration, pity, and veiled threat. Yet the effectiveness of these is limited.

What the captive peoples need is not to hear how miserable is their condition but to know what the United States intends to do about it. Do the American people stand for human freedom—or do they not? If they do—is it freedom just for themselves or freedom for all men? Does the United States intend one day to carry out the promise of the Declaration on Liberated Europe of the Yalta Conference (February 11, 1945)—the right of each liberated people to choose its own form of government? What about the peoples of the Soviet Union? Do we distinguish between them and their governments?

Now that they no longer fear that the United States may one day return to appeasement of the USSR or make a deal with Moscow that will stabilize the present situation in all its inhumanity, the captive peoples are going to be greedy for American information. Reminding them that *we shall never be satisfied until they are free* is the strongest propaganda card in the non-Communists' hand.

Equally important is the task of fomenting further heresy within the Communist Party. Outside Russia almost all Communist leaders secretly envy Tito of Yugoslavia his success in escaping Stalin's heavy paw without deserting "Socialism." They cannot but reflect upon Tito's statements that Stalin is the real "deviationist" and his practice incompatible with the pure doctrine of Marx, Engels, and Lenin.

In the last analysis, the greatest weapon in our verbal arsenal remains the intention behind it. Once we start carrying out the Great Policy we shall need only to make it known in order to hearten our friends, win over neutrals, comfort the captives, and dismay our enemies.

For the Great Policy contains most of what the people of our day are seeking:

An end of Soviet Communist aggression through the rapid formation of a Peace Coalition with preponderant physical power.

A recognition of the national economic aspirations of all peoples that join the Coalition.

An American offer of membership in a worldwide federation open to all law-abiding countries.

And, last, future cooperation by the United States in worldwide economic rehabilitation once real peace has been re-established.

Selling the Great Policy is a job equal in importance to anything that can be accomplished by military

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Milton: "Paradise Lost." 2. Shakespeare: "Timon of Athens." 3. Larcom: "Three Old Saws." 4. Allen: "Rock Me to Sleep." 5. Keats: "Ode to a Nightingale." 6. Norton: "Bingen on the Rhine." 7. Swinburne: "Atalanta in Calydon." 8. Tennyson: "In Memoriam." 9. Masefield: "The West Wind." 10. Wordsworth: "Intimations of Immortality." 11. Bourdillon: "Upon the Valley's Lap." 12. Carroll: "The Walrus and the Carpenter." 13. Longfellow: "The Wreck of the Hesperus." 14. Westendorf: "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen." 15. Taylor: "My Mother." 16. Whittier: "Barbara Frietchie." 17. Browning: "Sonnets from the Portuguese." 18. Thompson: "The Hound of Heaven." 19. Crawford: "Kathleen Mavourneen." 20. Moore: "This World Is All a Fleeting Show."

Before the Word Is Clay

By Hannah Kahn

ASK NOT of me the hour,
Nor ask the time of day,
The bread till now unbroken
Shall crumble and decay . . .
Before the word is spoken,
Before the word is clay.

Ask not of me the meaning,
Nor ask the reason why
The spiral of a whistle
Holds so much of a cry,
Or why the barb of thistle
Is slanted toward the sky.

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strength or economic assistance. It cannot be undertaken until the American people have accepted the policy.

For the job of propaganda and psychological warfare will become the more difficult the nearer it comes to succeeding.

The Expansionist Bloc is seeking shelter behind as complete a blackout as it can establish. Our job is to pierce that darkness.

Both the Russian and the satellite peoples are eager for news from the free world, preferably from the United States. Already American libraries in captive Curtain countries have become so dangerous to totalitarian regimes that they are being forced to close down. The police must make all free radios unintelligible; otherwise, precisely as during World War II, they will be listened to and their message spread by word of mouth. Jamming outside programs has become a major industry behind the Iron Curtain.

The Iron Curtain must be pierced. There are ways of conveying written information into any country on earth —effective ways, provided that they are not publicized. Public announcement that we are sending "friendship letters to the Russians" by toy balloons will merely result in most of the balloons being shot down and most of their readers being liquidated. When will we realize that Communist despots are "more afraid of our friendship than of our enmity"—as Winston Churchill warned? If written messages are to be sent, let them be sent by unpublicized means.

No radio jamming can be wavetight. From enough transmitters of all possible types located in enough places—including black and pirate stations—programs can be got to targets anywhere on the planet. For the jammers cannot make their jamming really complete without cutting off a good part of their own domestic programs. They rely upon these programs for that systematic obstruction of their peoples' understanding upon which they depend for survival. They dare not cease their internal propaganda. With a big enough effort outsiders can compel them either to jam their own programs or to let ours arrive.

A worldwide information program —more and bigger transmitters, a much larger staff, many more programs, black and pirate stations—will cost a lot more money.

Not nearly so much—naturally—as the American people are currently spending for alcohol or tobacco. The American people have been putting into advertising the United States of America throughout the world—making friends and influencing people at a moment of dire crisis—just a trifle more than the makers of cosmetics spend to advertise their products in this country!

Obviously, propaganda efforts will become the more effective to the extent that they are harmonized with other instruments of policy and with the propaganda of other countries that are carrying out the same policy. A general staff for the cold war should certainly include American specialists in propaganda of equal rank with the political, military, and economic specialists.

Most Americans instinctively understand the absurdity of putting Harold Urey, Nobel prize-winning chemist, to work under an uninspired United States Army engineer on the scientific problem that might have won or lost the war and may win the next one. That must never happen again. But neither must a high-powered newspaper editor or an advertising genius be expected to follow the advice (and take the orders) of a Navy captain or a bright young White House assistant. It is doubtless exaggerated to say that propaganda alone can win the cold war. It certainly can be a great factor in winning it. How much would it be worth to us non-Communists, say, to induce India to join the Peace Coalition before it is too late; or to frighten the Albanian Communist Government into abdicating, with the elimination of Soviet influence from the Adriatic Sea; or to talk the Hungarian Communist Party leaders into deserting Stalin for Tito? In time of war ten or twenty divisions of troops or a billion dollars! Individuals who can plan and help carry through such schemes will work only if they dispose of sufficient means and have authority of their own.

In the long run skilled and lavish propaganda could turn out to be not only our least costly but our most effective instrument.

Edgar Ansel Mowrer, veteran foreign correspondent, is author of "Germany Puts the Clock Back" (which won a Pulitzer Prize), "The Nightmare of American Foreign Policy," and other books. This essay is drawn from his book "Challenge and Decision," to be published October 31 by McGraw-Hill Book Co.

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YOUNG MAN WITH A MATTERHORN

ZERMATT.

ZERMATT, a village on Switzerland's underbelly, has one long street and one high mountain. The street is lined on both sides with geranium-covered hotels, souvenir shops, and tea rooms. At one end is the railway station where the miniature red cars of the spur line arrive; rising out of the landscape on the other end is the Matterhorn. On sunny days the street, from end to end, is speckled with clusters of burnished mountain guides waiting to be hired. And because Zermatt is still a combination of tourist and peasant it is a frequent sight to see a herd of goats wearing necklaces of bells go tinkling up the street followed by the elegant blue, horse-drawn carriage of the Zermatterhof Hotel. Inside the coach are newly arrived tourists and standing on the doorstep on the back, hanging to the brass hand rails, is the black-frocked concierge, his coattails flying in the goat-scented air.

Although it is not the highest of Swiss mountains, Zermatt's Matterhorn is probably the most popular climb in the world. Young students do it, barmaids do it, superannuated outdoorsmen do it, magazine writers (not this one) do it, cats have done it, and this year a party of radio people broadcast to the world from the summit.

The Matterhorn, which is called Mont Cervin by the French, Cervino by the Italians, and the Matterhorn by everyone else, looks rather like a seal with its head back ready to catch a fish. From tip to toe, it is 14,870 feet high and all rock. Admittedly, Mont Blanc, nearby Monte Rosa, and a number of other European mountains can all look down on the Horn, but the other peaks appear like undefined marshmallow blobs on the Alpine horizon. The horn stands alone—slim, rugged, and clear. Like Bob Hope's proboscis, you'd recognize its contour anywhere. Said an American looking at it recently, "The only thing I've ever seen that's sharper is the Chrysler Building."

From the thousands who have scaled it the Matterhorn has always extracted, year by year, a small human percentage. Hardly a season goes by that the Horn doesn't kill somebody. Its long record of homicide, which dates from the very first successful ascent in 1865, has imparted to the mountain a macabre, almost mystic, personality. To climb it is to play a sort of Russian roulette except that the odds are better. In any case, when you lose you usually die.

Much of the early history of the mountain involves the climbing efforts of Edward Whymper, a Briton who had been trying for four years to scale the Matterhorn from its Italian side. Annoyed one day because another climber had engaged his favorite guide, Whymper crossed over to Zermatt and joined a party that included three guides and three other amateurs. In the party were Lord Francis Douglas, then twenty-one, the Rev. Charles Hudson, a man named Hador, all of whom were British; and, as guides, Michael Croz of Chamonix in France and Peter Taugwalder and his son Peter, junior, both of Zermatt. On July 14 the entire party reached the summit, where they changed positions for the descent. All seven were roped together. Croz was in the lead, followed by Hudson, Hador, Douglas, Taugwalder, senior, Whymper, and Taugwalder, junior. About fifty or a hundred meters above the shoulder of the mountain, where fixed ropes have long since been installed, the Reverend Hudson lost his footing. Hador couldn't hold him and fell, too, pulling Lord Douglas and Croz. Senior Taugwalder belayed the rope, wrapping it quickly around a rock. But the rope snapped and all four who had been dangling in space were smashed on the crags.

WHYMPER and the two Taugwalders returned to the village to face a storm of criticism. Taugwalder was accused of cutting the rope and, because it was assumed that a jealousy had arisen over who was to be acclaimed the first conqueror of the Matterhorn, Whymper was implicated, too. Seasoned guides of these times, like Otto Furrer, who has made the ascent nearly 160 times, are inclined to doubt foul play. When a fall occurs things happen so quickly, they say, a man hardly has time to get a knife out of his pocket and saw away on a rope. They feel that the fateful rope, which is still on display in a museum in Zermatt, was vastly inferior to the type used today. The strands, they say, appear to have snapped from the pull of the four men and were not cut. Mountaineers are inclined, rather, to blame the entire party for breaking elementary climbing rules. Even in those days the standard regulation was one guide and a porter or two guides for every amateur climber. Furthermore, roping seven climbers together

—Vaterlaus, courtesy of Swiss National Tourist Office.

The Matterhorn—a "long record of homicide."

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is a primary error. Nor can present-day guides imagine why Whymper's party descended the group in such peculiar order. They wonder why three climbers—Hudson, Hador, and Douglas—were placed consecutively without a guide in between.

Since that first ascent, no one knows how many people have conquered the Horn. Successful climbers are given neither certificate nor celebration. In the strict sports code of the mountaineer, they must be content with the simple pleasure that comes with accomplishment. "It's a feeling," as one guide tried to explain, "like you have done something." In 1947, the busiest year in the Horn's history, nearly 2,500 people got the feeling. Although the mountain has been climbed more times by the English than any other nationality, lately more Swiss have tried the ascent than anyone else. Young Americans, the guides say, only want to climb the Matterhorn, and although they usually have no prior climbing experience, they refuse to practise on other mountains. The speed record for the Horn was set, characteristically, by an American. His name was Leon Goodrich, and although he made the summit in three and a half hours in 1930, he died a few years afterwards. His guide, Herman Schaller, who trained with him by climbing the Horn three times a week, can climb no more.

ONE out of every four climbers is a woman, and one of the youngest ever to make the summit was a twelve-year-old girl. Her heart was permanently impaired by the exertion. Probably the oldest climber was an eighty-two-year-old Swiss, who lied about his age in order to persuade a guide to go along with him. For those who work in Zermatt the challenge of the Horn, looking down on you every day, cannot long go unanswered. Elsie, the barmaid at the Mont Cervin Hotel, who had never done anything more strenuous than promenade down the Bahnhofstrasse in Zurich, made the Horn on the first attempt and served drinks at the hotel the same night. This summer a cat who had been a transient visitor at the mountaineers' hut at the base of the mountain followed a party all the way up the peak. She crossed over the top and started down the other side but got stuck on a steep rock face. An Italian guide rescued her, and she lives now in the Cervino hut just inside Italy.

Those who are less succesful on the Horn may find eternal repose in Zermatt's cemetery. About 140 climbers have been killed so far. One of the worst of the recent tragedies is marked by a tablet which reads:

To the Memory
of
William Andrew Bell
born July 21, 1924
James Ian Campbell McKean
born October 3, 1925
James William Ogilvie
born January 25, 1925
friends from Oxford killed together
on the Matterhorn
July 25, 1948

Underneath is the added notice:

also
an unknown climber
found on the Matterhorn July 27, 1948.

A guide explained. The unknown climber was found in the same crevice, between the mountain and the glacier, as the boys from Oxford. Nobody knows how long he had been there, but he was well preserved and weighed about fifty pounds.

Not all who come to Zermatt, of course, come to climb. One of the first tourists was Alexander Seiler, a thirty-year-old Swiss in the soap business, who came to visit his brother, the Abbé Seiler, who lived there. So many visitors came up to his brother's place to collect flowers and catch butterflies that Alexander left the soap business and opened a hotel. When he died, in his nineties, he had 800 beds scattered through five hotels.

The Seiler Hotels are still flourishing in Zermatt and include the handsome Mont Cervin; the old, comfortable Victoria next to the railway station; the ancient Monte Rosa, next to the Abbé Seiler's house; the Riffelalp, and the Schwarzsee. The Riffelalp, which sits on a mountain at 7,300 feet, can be reached via the Gornegrat, a mountain railway that takes excursionists up from the valley of Zermatt to a height of over 10,000 feet. A tiny red trolley, the highest tram line in Europe, takes Riffelalp guests from the Gornegrat station to the hotel. The tram line is higher than it is long. Since Zermatt has become a prime winter resort the Riffelalp Hotel has gained new popularity. Actually it was built in 1884, long before the Gornegrat Railway. Guests were brought up to the hotel in sedan chairs, carried by four porters. Seiler's Schwarzsee Hotel and the Schwarzsee Ski Hut at 8,450 feet, near the base of the Matterhorn, are serviced, however, by no railways. Guests may either walk or consult the schedules of the daily mule train.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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SCHUMANN AND MENDELSSOHN		
SCHUMANN: SYMPHONY #1 ("SPRING"). Cleveland Orchestra, Leinsdorf. Columbia LP: ml 2131 (10")	A most successful wide-range recording with excellent body, good, sharp highs, fine perspective.	A taut, intense reading, faster than usual—a valid concept, in today's terms, of the Schumann character and a fine performance, beautifully controlled.
MENDELSSOHN: SYMPHONY #4 ("ITALIAN"). a) Cleveland Orch., Szell. Columbia LP: ml 4127 (½) (with "Capriccio Brillant") b) Turin Symphony, Rossi. London LP: LPS 120 (10") *Comparison:* Boston Sym., Koussevitzky. RCA Victor LP: LM 20 (10") (Same as DM, WDM 1259)	The London ffrr (Turin) version has the characteristic steely, sharply defined instruments in big, resonant background; for hi-fi enthusiasts this one is the best by far. Szell's (Col.) is duller, more distant, less live; stands well on its own if you give it a chance. The Boston is older, 78 copied, with fine liveness, not much in the highs.	The Szell "Italian" is not unlike the Koussevitzky; both are fast-tempoed (except Szell's slow minuet), both a bit shopworn—this is an overplayed repertory war horse. The Turin version is notably slower. I'd call Rossi's tempi a welcome change; but the playing is relatively slovenly. (Yet the Turin minuet is the most satisfactory of the three.)
SCHUMANN: VIOLIN SONATA IN A MINOR, OP. 105. Louis Kaufman, Artur Balsam. Capitol LP: L-8112 (½ 10") (with Dvorak: "Four Romantic Pieces.")	A good recording technically—but dullish; something a bit off in acoustics. Piano is light, weak-bassed, somewhat in background. Violin is close, yet not sharp. An unspacious effect.	A good late work of Schumann, played with conviction; but Kaufman's richly vibratoed tone is seldom varied and tends to become monotonous.
MENDELSSOHN: CELLO SONATA #2 IN D, OP. 58. Nikolai Graudan, Joanna Graudan. Vox LP: VL 1710 (10")	This Vox cello-piano combination has strikingly better presence and balance than above—a huge, full-toned piano surrounding the solo cello, which is sharp, well defined. Piano occasionally hard.	A brilliant, well-rounded performance of a skilfully impassioned Mendelssohn showpiece—the spacious recording gives it an almost symphonic sound! Cello at its very best.
SCHUMANN: "MARCHENERZAHLUNGEN" FOR CLARINET, VIOLA, AND PIANO, OP. 132. MENDELSSOHN: TWO CONCERT PIECES FOR BASSET HORN, CLARINET, AND PIANO, OP. 113, 114. F. Bartosek, basset horn; L. Wlach, clarinet; E. Weiss, viola; J. Demus, pf. Westminster LP: WL 50-24	Beautifully balanced recording with excellent acoustics. My only complaint is, again, that this is cut at very high level; may easily blast in louder spots. These instruments lend themselves superbly to wide-range, close-up recording, with their strong overtone coloration.	The basset horn (corno di bassetto—G. B. Shaw's music-critic pen name) is a tenor clarinet, an intriguing instrument here as combined with standard clarinet in the Mendelssohn. The Schumann is a colorful, bit involved late semi-sonata, the four mvts. thematically related; the Mendelssohns are more outward, showily intense works, enormously effective in the sound.
SCHUMANN: "FANTASIESTUCKE" FOR PIANO, OP. 12. a) Artur Rubinstein. RCA Victor 45: WDM 1335 (3) LP: LM 1072 (½) b) Jacqueline Blancard. London LP: LPS 210 (10")	The RCA 45, except for the loudest parts, is a thinnish, brilliant piano, lacking bass, with a good deal of bell-like tonal distortion, some waver. The London LP is fuller-toned, more natural, at a higher level. More scratchy, too. I haven't heard RCA's LP.	Rubinstein's interpretation is, as always, something to reckon with—brilliant execution, unassailable in any grosser way. But cold. Blancard's seems at once more sensitive, more personal; I'd say the best Schumann piano for a good while.
SCHUMANN: "DICHTERLIEBE," OP. 48. Mack Harrell, baritone; George Reeves, piano. RCA Victor 45: WDM 1387 (3) LP: LMX 29 (10")	Beautifully reproduced baritone voice with diction clear-cut. But piano is thin and weak and in the tinkly background! This is piano music—not mere stuffing.	We are so used to the dramatic Lehmann approach to lieder like these that Harrell's masculine tailoring may at first seem inhibited. It's not, and this is a most worth - while reading. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 18)

of the jungle, the minute, patient, untiring observation and understanding of its crashing violence and its delicacy. Not even Rudyard Kipling gives us more beauty or more unforgettableness. Her sentences with their burden of men and leaves and animals and sun and woodsmoke and birdsong intermingled, as if they were some medieval tapestry, are to be read and savored and remembered long after we have forgotten the names and the drama of the people through whose moods she has made us feel it. "For the greater part of the journey," she writes, the elephants "moved silently, passing like shadows among other shadows." That is her magic.

Ahasuerus with Sex

SO GREAT A QUEEN. By Paul Frischauer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 356 *pp.* $3.

By Bradford Smith

AT LAST two popular arts have been united—the historical romance and the strip tease. In his story of ancient Persia, drawn from the Biblical Book of Esther, Mr. Frischauer has gone straight to Gypsy Rose Lee for his dramatic effects. Will Vasthi, Queen of Queens and the world's most beautiful woman, take off her clothes before the reveling princes at the command of the King of Kings? Will the maidens of the harem pass the test for virginity? Will the king succumb to Esther in the course of helping her remove her river-shrunken dress? Mr. Frischauer builds up to one sexual climax after another—and then ducks out.

In the lavish, pleasure-loving court of Ahasuerus there is no doubt some justification for such an approach, and Mr. Frischauer makes the most of it. He does an effective job of making that ancient court seem real and immediate, and he writes of the wines, the robes, the gardens, the temple, and the court officials and customs as if he had seen them all himself.

Chief theme of the book is the persecution of the Jews by a "Popular Front" led by a political schemer named Haman, who hopes to make himself King of Kings through the persecution of a minority. By referring to the Jews as the fair-skinned people Mr. Frischauer presents an instructive analogy with racial prejudice in our own times.

After losing Vasthi by his foolish insistence on exposing her naked

"Fiddle Magic"

writes Billy Rose about Mischa Elman

"Even back in the days of scratchy black wax records, enough came through of Mischa Elman's fiddle-magic to make his *Humoresque* the one record that kept even the kids quiet around our house. Now that the scratch is out of the wax, his performances of fine music are a stand-by in the family playroom, the luscious Elman tone is still with us—and the new generation is thrilled by it."—*Billy Rose*

Have you heard Mischa Elman play
MASSENET: MEDITATION FROM THAÏS
MISCHA ELMAN FAVORITES
MENDELSSOHN: CONCERTO IN E MINOR

We have put together in a little book, titled "Words and Music," photographs of the world's greatest artists, together with word sketches by 36 famous authors. If you'd like a copy, write RCA Victor, Record Department 205, Camden, N. J.

THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

for Autumn 1950

The Conditions of Our Survival	Reinhold Niebuhr
The Führer and the Field Marshal	Oron James Hale
Welfare Capitalism: Opportunity or Delusion?	Alpheus Thomas Mason
The Russian Dilemma: Robots or Thinkers	Margaret K. Webb
The Wild Margin. *A Poem*	Theodore Morrison
The Charwoman and the Hyphen	Lord Dunsany
The Temperate Zone. *A Story*	Elizabeth Enright
Billy Yank Down South	Bell Irvin Wiley
The Shadow of an Arm. *A Story*	Thomas Hal Phillips
Prophets of Woe	Pieter Geyl
Discussions of New Books	Carlos Baker, Charles Julian Bishko, Stephen D. Tuttle, Curt F. Bühler, Thomas Perkins Abernethy, Francis Pickens Miller, Richard A. Lester, D. C. Holtom, George E. Taylor, Rupert B. Vance

The Green-Room *Notes on Current Books* *Reprints & New Editions*

The Virginia Quarterly Review
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before his friends, the King of Kings has to look about for another queen. Luck and circumstances fix the choice on Esther, a Jewess. After deciding that her duty to her people demands this sacrifice of her, Esther falls in love with the king and becomes as interested in saving him from his enemies as in saving her people from annihilation. Since Haman is conspiring both at home and abroad to take the king's place, her two aims become one. Her people must help save the king from Haman, and in doing so will save themselves. Guided by her Uncle Mordecai, she circumvents the palace plots for her own downfall, saving her beloved king, her marriage, and her people. In winding up the story Mr. Frischauer prefers to ignore the ending as told in the Book of Esther, in which the Jews smote all their enemies "and did what they would unto those that hated them," slaying more than 75,000.

Mr. Frischauer's portraits of the main characters are effective. Haman the rabble rouser, Mordecai with his faith in an unseen God, Ahasuerus indulging himself with the prerogatives due to kings—these are convincing and memorable. Esther is less so, perhaps because we lose sight of her in the second half of the book, where the story bogs down as Mr. Frischauer describes the involvement of the neighboring nations in the conspiracy against the King of Kings. That the end of the book also falters may be because of Mr. Frischauer's efforts to avoid the one provided by the Bible.

Though Mr. Frischauer manages to avoid defeat for King Ahasuerus, he himself is vanquished by the little word lay ("The king watched her lay down on her side") on page 137, only to take another licking at the same hands on page 183 (The Queen's gown "laid so lightly on her skin that Esther scarcely felt herself to be dressed at all").

Still, "So Great a Queen" is a very likely candidate as a successor to Samson and Delilah on the screen. It has spectacle, sex, war, love triangles, and plenty of villains. It even has a theme applicable to the present that is simple enough for Hollywood to present. Read it now and do your own casting!

Stumbling, Groping, Pitiable People

THE GRASS IS SINGING. By Doris Lessing. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 245 pp. $3.

By Christine Noble Govan

WHEN, on the veranda of her farmhouse in South Africa, Mary Turner was found murdered, the neighbors were not too surprised. In fact, under their fear of what this might mean to the rest of them, a minority, they felt a certain satisfaction. It was as if they had known all along that something dreadful must happen to a woman like her who shunned her neighbors, had a flaring temper, and did not know how to control the natives.

It was not in any of them—even the young man from England who had come too late to relieve her—to go back and unravel the dark, drab threads of her dark, drab background or that of her unfortunate husband. Yet those threads, as so carefully sought out by the writer, were drawn into the inexorable web that caught Mary Turner on her veranda that sweltering morning. They led to the man who had driven her to desperation, to the man who had brutally killed her, even to the dogs who furtively licked at the watery pool of blood in which she lay.

Mary Turner's childhood had been monotonous to the point of torture. She was born and raised in a barren, uncouth South African town. Diversion was supplied by her father's incessant drunkenness and by her mother's defeated complaints and terror of her husband. The symbol of their misery was "The Store," where Mary's father bought his liquor and her humiliated mother begged for more time on the unpaid bills.

When Mary broke away from this life she had, to an intensified degree, that fervent determination to keep away from it, to make something of herself, that so many girls have felt the world over. Because her background had been so abject this feeling was intensified to fanaticism. She worked hard, made a life for herself, and was on what she considered a definitely upward grade when a chance, overheard remark deflated her to a tragic degree.

These few careless words sent Mary in search of a husband and, as fate would have it, she met up with Richard Turner at a time when life on his unsuccessful farm, loneliness, and discouragement had become more than he could bear. Seeing her a successful woman and picturing her more so than she was, he married her. The threads of the web began to close on them.

The longest part of the book is a masterly job of making a life of deadly monotony absorbing to the reader. Mary, almost immediately disillusioned, sees in Richard's weaknesses, his ever-failing projects, and his demands on her, which she finds repellent, all the contours and lineaments of her parents' tragedy. When he opens a store, doomed to failure from the first, Mary knows the ultimate despair.

The fate of these two people, stumbling and groping through life, has universal duplications, so that their story with slight variations is the story of stumbling, groping, pitiable people everywhere. What ennobles it is Miss Lessing's compassion, which lends it an air of tremendous dignity and tragedy. One feels that in an era less choked with literary cream it would have become a classic picture of man's struggle against ruthless fate. The words fall softly like snowflakes or feathers until at last, as in a nightmare, the reader is smothered with the horror of what the words have said.

Fiction Notes

EPISODE IN PALMETTO, by Erskine Caldwell. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.75. Vernona Stevens, twenty-two, with "distinctive breasts" and a liking for "prolonged and passionate lovemaking," was a schoolteacher at Palmetto (pop. 548) in some Southern state, but she was cut out to be a successful prostitute. Erskine Caldwell devotes the 252 pages of this semi-smutty novel to voluptuous Vernona's trial run as a bush league Amber. Not since the sub rosa stuff of my college days have I read so shameless a piece of literary pandering.

The melodrama covers two weeks' time—the total of Vernona's teaching career. We find her in a tight-fitting sweater that wows the boys and a few pages later she is kissing one of the more wowed of them after school. He reacts violently and she has a heck of a time shooing him away.

Comes Sunday and she goes to church and there (hiss! hiss!) she is eyed by big, handsome political-bigshot Milledge (honest!) Mangrum. She spends the afternoon on her bed mooning about Milledge and along about sundown he comes calling. They light out for the edge of town and he parks on the first side road. The inevitable happens.

Well, sir, things drone along for maybe a day and then the county

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agricultural agent introduces her to a character named Sheddwood, who's off the bottom of the Tobacco Road deck, and this goof decides he'd like to marry Vernona. Only one stipulation: he always asks the girls he marries to spend a pre-marital week with him to see if they measure up. Even Vernona is repelled by this missing link and fights him off. And so on and on, dreary page after dreary page. At the end, Verona happily decides she isn't meant for teaching, and leaves for the big city with the agricultural agent.

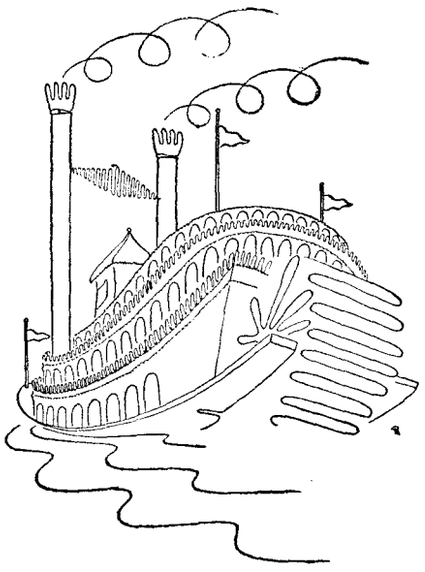
I do not, believe me, exaggerate either the dirtiness or the silliness of this novel. Mr. Caldwell tells it in a monotone, with gestures, and it's cheap, sleazy, and tasteless. I would hate to have it on my conscience.

—VICTOR P. HASS.

THE UNEASY YEARS, by Forrest Rosaire. Knopf. $3. Family relations are always good meat for the novelist, and this book is no exception to the rule. In this case the chief actor is the mother, and the bone of contention is poor father. Laura is what one would call a good woman. She is certainly devoted to her children, though she dotes on her eldest, Paul, a prospective Ph.D. She resents the father, a feckless but infinitely kind man whose humanity to his family and his fellows is constantly getting him into trouble. He is a dreamer who, when not earning a meager living for his family, paints pictures, mere daubs which provide his only outlet and relief from his fault-finding and domineering wife. To be sure, she has her troubles on his account, for he has a way of disposing of the rent money just before it's due, even though he is moved to do it by his sympathy for those in need. So incensed is Laura that when she hears of a legacy which she has been willed she keeps the matter secret and plans to divorce her husband. She comes up against the unpredictable, the devotion which he inspires in his children, and so in the end when the man, to help out his son, commits a reprehensible crime punishable by law, and the good lady thinks she has him where she wants him, she gets her comeuppance in the unexpected loyalty of her children, even of her favorite Paul, to their father. The novel is well thought out, and the writing reveals commendable skill.

—JOHN CURNOS.

REUNION AT CHATTANOOGA, by Alfred Leland Crabb. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75. Alfred Leland Crabb continues his lavender-and-old-lace flirtation with the cities of Tennessee. This is his second celebration of Chattanooga —this time in the period 1876 to 1890.



Once again the scenery is marvelous and the food delectable; the gentlemen are noble and chivalrous; all the ladies are lovely, warm-hearted, and generous; the children are "spunky," or at least spirited, the old people blessed with wisdom, understanding, and articulate memories. The Negroes have almost as much charm and intelligence as the children, and are loved and trusted almost as if they were "white."

There are, of course, some troubles, but none of them are man-made. That nasty yellow fever killed quite a number of people, but it did bring out the neighborliness and essential goodness of everybody who survived. There was, too, that fire which burned down the Chickamauga Building, but it did bring those sterling Blevins brothers together, and they'd been separated by a misunderstanding for almost 300 pages. And, in between, there were the visitings between happy Chattanoogians, rides in carriages, reunitings with friends, and happy home life.

Mr. Crabb's scenes have all the charm of a tinted greeting card and his prose has the arresting forthrightness of a soap-opera script. When good old Doctor Sims ponders on what could be causing the spread of yellow fever, a mosquito obliquely flies through the window. When transportation to the heights above Chattanooga is a concern, Joe Blevins, that dreamer, dreams of a time when there shall be automobiles and airplanes. He even imagines that some day there may be buildings a hundred stories high and ice made by machines. All this in 1890! You can imagine the chuckles which greeted such fantasy. But you don't have to. Mr. Crabb tells you. In the words of his publishers, he has provided plenty of "grand fun" along with his accustomed dosage of sentiment.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

THE ENLIGHTENING PAST

(*Continued from page* 21)

excited and horrified at the same time. Besides, he would have proposed to do something about what horrified him. The impulse to do something, to shake up the world, was what Henry James could not forgive. To find in the master of picture and drama in fiction a man whose head was churning ideas for social change was such a shock to James that it led him to patronize Balzac even when he was heaping praise. James, in the face of Balzac, was much like Flaubert's Homais, who would have liked to place the laurel on Racine's brows, and give the poet a sharp lecture on his outworn superstitions.

Balzac's desire to do something about what horrified him in the France of his time does not recommend him to most of the good critics who are now writing. If the professorial critics have been approaching Balzac in narrowly historical terms, the others have not been approaching him at all. Energetic, expansive writers who want to get something done, men like Burns and Hugo, leave them frigid. They offer no help to a critic who is building up a purely esthetic system or nervously contemplating his own anxieties.

It is partly because Balzac painted with such verisimilitude forms of life very like ours that he has so much to say to us: it is partly because what he proposed to do is so unlike what we hear from our popular guides, our university presidents, our sociologists, our columnists. Throughout most of his fiction there is a diffused attitude hardening sometimes into an explicit idea—that there were in the past some values of order and probity (the probity depending very much on the order) that should and can be recaptured. It does not matter very much whether we agree with him in the belief that a particular agency of order such as the Catholic Church or an hereditary aristocracy can be trusted with great power: what does matter is that he makes us aware of the past not as a museum worth walking through in quest of agreeable sensations, or as an escape from the impertinences of the post-Jazz Age, but as a source of moral and social enlightenment.

E. K. Brown, professor of English literature at the University of Chicago, is author of "Matthew Arnold: A Study in Conflict." This is the fifth of a series of literary revaluations that SRL *is presenting in conjunction with NBC and five universities participating in the "University of the Air."*

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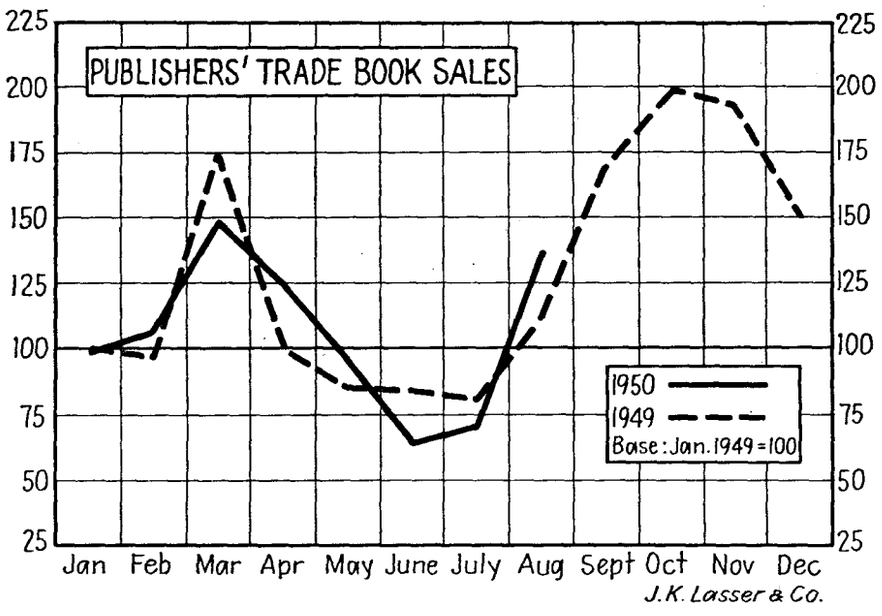
Publishers' Corner

LESSONS FROM THE PAPER COVERS: PART I

THE NEWS about quarter-book publishing is good—so good, in fact, that those who read and publish hard-cover books ought to sit up and take more notice. Consider a few astounding figures. In 1948 an estimated 147 million 25¢ books were sold. In 1949 the sales jumped to 184 million copies. For 1950 the prophets predict a sale of 200 million. Two years ago 459 new titles were issued. This year it looks as if that figure will be almost doubled. That's a lot of books, and even though the unit price is low it adds up to considerable cash. Last year the American reading public paid out $46,000,000 for pocket-sized books, which is about one-fourth of total hard-cover trade-book sales for the same period.

This healthy infant has considerable significance for the older and more staid members of the publishing family. Quarter books being almost exclusively reprints, the infant helps to fill the purses of original publishers and authors alike. Because some 25¢ houses are chary of revealing their figures it's impossible to be precise, but our guess is that 25¢ publishers presently pay between $1.7 million and $1.9 million a year to trade-book publishers. This sum is usually split between the author and his original publisher. And the rights income is but one of several ways in which the trade-book field can profit from the new quarter-book business. We'll go into this at greater length next month. First, a brief look into the history and mechanics of 25¢ book publishing.

It all began in this country as long ago as 1825, and flourished particularly from 1860 to 1890—the dime-novel era. Many abortive attempts were made during the first three decades of this century to duplicate the success of such Continental paper-bound editions as Tauchnitz or Albatross. (The lack of substantial magazine competition in Europe has made high-volume sales of paper books a much easier operation than here.) These ill-starred enterprises foundered on the shoals of a restricted merchandising program that treated paper books as poor relations of hard-cover books. The most recent cycle of paper books began in the Thirties, with several publishers carrying the ball: Penguin Books (a development of the English firm of same name), American Mercury (doing detective stories), and two others no longer in business—Modern Age and Hillman Books. Pocket Books, Inc., took an entirely different tack from all its predecessors. It entered the field in 1939 with a bold distribution scheme that put 25¢ books in the big time. What it did was to ally fresh concepts of packaging and keen editorial judgment with a merchandising set-up that went far beyond anything attempted by any paper-book or hard-cover-book publisher. Pocket Books capitalized on the experience of magazine publishers in finding the best wholesalers to make distribution. Then it helped them get sales through newsstands and other dealers by a constant flow of books, fine displays and posters, advertising, and racks. It used magazine methods to get the best positions (in terms of customer traffic) for the books. And it learned to keep close check of the way sales of particular titles were moving in various localities so as to know what and how to promote, what titles sell best, and so know what to produce. Before long 25¢ books were cropping up in railroad stations, drug stores, and other untypical places. Thousands of wholesalers, jobbers, and dealers were brought into action. Books began to compete with magazines for impulse buying at the newsstand or counter.



This revolution in format and merchandising had quick and impressive consequences. In the intervening decade a score of firms have come into the business, and the sales of pocket-sized paper books have moved from about three million in 1939 to the estimated 200 million for 1950.

At present the great bulk of the business is handled by the following publishers (in some cases this is just guesswork on our part):

	Started Publishing	Estimated 1949 Production and Distribution *In Copies* For the U.S. and Canada
Pocket Books, Inc.	1939	50,000,000
Bantam Books, Inc.	1945	38,000,000
New American Library of World Literature (succeeding Penguin Books which started in 1939)	1947	30,000,000
Dell	1942	25,000,000
Avon	1940	15,000,000
Popular Library	1942	15,000,000

The first three do their distribution through independent wholesalers. The last two use a common distributing source — the American News Company. Dell takes advantage of both systems. Pocket Books, Inc., has its own sales force, as has Dell. Bantam Books uses the Curtis Circulation Co. New American Library uses the Fawcett Publishing Co. facilities. (But it has no other connection with Fawcett.)

Pocket Books issues a standard 25¢ line, an occasional special at 35¢, a 25¢ teen-age line (called Pocket Books, Jrs.), plus—this fall—Dollar Collector's editions, which will be marketed through the trade by the Simon & Schuster sales force. Bantam Books issues regular 25¢ books; following a "no abridgement" policy it has recently started a 35¢ Bantam Giant line in order to sell long books without abridging. New American Library has a 25¢ line (Signet Books), a 35¢ line (Mentor Books), and a new 50¢ series of "Double Volumes."

Of the several other houses in the field two are worthy of special mention. American Mercury Books stick to the mystery-story field and tailor

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the text to a standard 128-page package. They are distributed on a ninety-day, one-shot basis, magazine fashion. Gold Medal Books (an adjunct of Fawcett) is the only 25¢ firm to rely on original material rather than reprints.

Big volume and low profit is the key to the 25¢ field. Mistakes are treacherously expensive. Because printings must be gigantic to fill the pipe line, the wary quarter-book publisher is loath to take the same chances as his trade-book confrere. The tendency is to play safe by satisfying known public tastes. Yet new fields are always being tested by the more adventurous men in the business. Of the 680 titles published through September of this year, ninety (or 13 per cent) could be classified as "experimental." The word has a special definition relative to 25¢ books and includes such categories as biographies, collections of poetry, and books on philosophy or religion. A breakdown by title (not sales) of pocket-size books published between January and September of this year yields the following:

Category	No. titles	Per cent of total
Novels	207	30
Mysteries	182	27
Westerns	138	20
Romance	40	6
Nonfiction	30	4
Miscellaneous	83	12
Total	680	

In the 25¢ field books are sold on a *wholly returnable basis*. Goods leaving the warehouse are considered as shipments, not as sales. As a result the publishers in almost every instance have set up controls to guard against serious inventory returns. They have specific knowledge of the turnover of their product. The very act of assuming responsibility for goods published tends to make the 25¢ publisher better acquainted with the needs and capacities of his outlets. It causes him to set up methods of control giving him a day-to-day understanding of the state of his business. This is one of several lessons that trade-book publishing can draw from the pocket-size reprint field. They will be considered in detail next month.

* * *

In August trade-book sales were 120 per cent of those in the preceding August. The sales for the first eight months were 101 per cent of the same period in 1949. Our index covers the sales to all sorts of distributors.

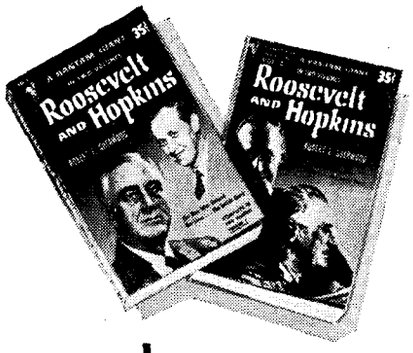
—J. K. LASSER.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BEST GO FIRST *Frank O'Malley* (Random House: $2.50)	Private Cop Cavanaugh's shadow job for Texas tycoon's slick-chick daughter turns into murder. Closet skeletons rattle from Texas to Florida before criminal caves in.	Excitement plenty but confusing. 'Tec intelligent and not too tough to take, but other characters verge on stock.	Could pass an evening
THE PEOPLE AGAINST O'HARA *Eleazar Lipsky* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Assistant D.A. sure of chair for young O'Hara after Manhattan gang-fringe murder of fish dealer. But old-time great lawyer Jim Curtayne, trying shakily for come-back, can't give up.	Vivid court and police scenes, intensely real characters, superb, simple writing push pace to almost unbearable suspense. As novel or mystery, intelligent all the way.	Run for nearest copy
THE CANDY KID *Dorothy B. Hughes* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	José Aragon, debonair Santa Fe aristocrat, does border-jumping errand in El Paso for smooth blonde. Lark changes to murder before José sees light.	Lots of quaint Mexicans and dark twisting streets, lots of liquor, lots of complications. Portentous intention of writing wearies, doesn't come off.	Readable but not top Hughes
THE QUEEN'S AWARDS *Edited by Ellery Queen* (Little, Brown: $2.50)	Thirteen of the thirty-three prize - winners in fifth annual Queen story contest. All but one, unfortunately, by well-known regulars. Commendable variety of crimes, locales, sleuths.	Authentic quality as usual, contents highly literate and some ingenious. Personal favorites: tale by A.H.Z. Carr and stunner by Q. Patrick.	Laudable institution

Best-Seller Again!



and a Triumph!

Telegraphed sales reports on the two-volume Bantam Giant* edition of Robert E. Sherwood's **ROOSEVELT AND HOPKINS** show overwhelming newsstand acceptance for this important book.

Baltimore wires that 51% of its entire stock of both volumes sold out in ten days. In Miami, Florida and Waterbury, Conn., 45% was sold in the same period.

Of course we're proud!

BANTAM BOOKS INC.

* See S. R. L. ad Sept. 23. Incidentally, other best-selling Bantams this month include: THE MOON AND SIXPENCE by W. Somerset Maugham; ANGELS CAMP by Ray Morrison; CANNERY ROW by John Steinbeck; THE CHINESE ROOM by Vivian Connell.

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IDEAS ON FILM

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture

Movie Books

TWO IMPORTANT film books recently were published for the first time in this country—"A Grammar of the Film"* and "The Film Till Now."† Both have appeared on nearly every list of recommended books about the motion picture since their original publication in England in 1930 and 1933 respectively. And since there has always been a scarcity of critical and serious reading matter about films in this land of the double feature, they are welcome and valuable additions to libraries here.

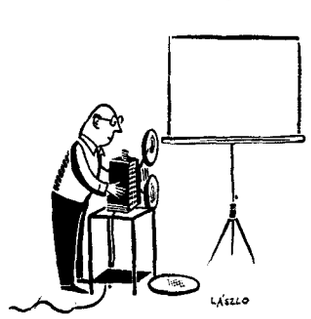
Raymond Spottiswoode was a bare twenty years old when he wrote "A Grammar of the Film." He was, as he states in the preface to this first American edition, "unembarrassed by any actual contact with film." His aim was to create some order among the confusion of the things he had read and heard about motion pictures, as well as the things he had seen and heard in them. Except for the addition of a new short and amusing preface, in which Spottiswoode makes merry comments about the motives and methods, shortcomings and values of the work of the "young author," the book is unchanged since its original publication in 1933.

Subtitled "An Analysis of Film Technique," it is a minute probing into the esthetic and technical causes and effects in motion pictures. Particular analytical consideration is given to "Deserter," Pudovkin's first sound film, which like many other important films of its vintage is not available today for screening by late-comers. "A Grammar of the Film" purports to elaborate upon a highly complex chart designed by the young author to include, somehow or another, every facet of film making and thinking

For those who already have done a fair amount of reading and thinking about the motion picture, and especially for students interested in its structural aspects, "A Grammar of the Film" is a reference book of lasting value. In its precise and outspoken, serious and amusing way, it reflects the wide-eyed adolescence of both the young author and the youngest of the arts.

If Spottiswoode's book arose "out of the ashes of long-forgotten controversies," and if his approach was often precious and polished, Rotha's "The Film Till Now" is almost its antithesis. Subtitled "A Survey of World Cinema," it is as much a study of the essential externals of the film as Spottiswoode's book is of the vital internals. Rotha is concerned with white-hot controversies not likely ever to be forgotten in the motion-picture world, and he attacks them with a heavy hammer.

A new (1949) fifty-page introduction by the author bitterly reflects Hollywood's industrial stranglehold on motion-picture production, generating new waves of "drama" on the screen instead of better moving pictures: ". . . if you look at the outstanding work of the cinema," Rotha writes in the preface, "it is mainly the films which are wholly original in conception that have created film history: 'Intolerance,' 'Caligari,' 'Nanook,' 'Potemkin,' 'The Last Laugh,' 'A Nous la Liberte,' 'Kameradschaft,' 'The Public Enemy,'"—none was a transcription from another medium. Despite his genuine horror of Hollywood, USA, Rotha doesn't fail to lament the many failures in other countries to recapture and reestablish the motion picture as a special creative art.



Almost every important film is at least mentioned in this mammoth volume; many are given a paragraph or a page of discussion. The careers of producers, directors, and writers are traced in outline. Rotha's attitude to the "star" and to those who make their extravagant livings clustering around him can be summed up by the following "typical story" he relates, in which "an American woman journalist, Louella Parsons" is quoted as having written: ". . . his work as Lord Nelson in 'The Divine Lady' proved what a really fine artist he is. With an arm missing and blind in one eye, he still manages to have sex appeal."

Richard Griffith's long contribution to the book brings it up to date—a separate section several hundred pages long entitled "The Film Since Then." Less vitriolic than Rotha, less excited about his material, Griffith writes best about the people he loves most, as his sections on Chaplin and Flaherty testify.

In a book of this scope and breadth (it is literally giant-sized, with nearly 200 still photographs) there are the inevitable number of factual errors, misplaced captions, and disputable matters of opinion. However, a new generation of movie-goers will find "The Film Till Now" an exciting introduction to films they have never been able to see, as well as a challenging criticism of Hollywood and the entire motion-picture world.

TO IDEAS ON FILM readers these works are more than two important textbooks of the film. They throw light upon the entire documentary movement and upon nontheatrical distribution. No one seriously entertains the idea that the 16mm. documentary is a threat to the motion-picture industry—but its special values are underwritten throughout these two volumes. Both of them are serious attempts to expand the significance and influence of the film, to help make it an adult art and entertainment, growing under the guidance of the film artist instead of staggering under the domination of the film financier. The unhappy part is that so few worthwhile books have come along in the past decade to challenge and surpass these. Lewis Jacobs's "Rise of the American Film" is one noteworthy exception.

That both Rotha and Spottiswoode should have become active in John Grierson's social documentary circle is no surprise, despite the differences in their approach to the film. Both writers were looking for a place to work out new ideas and they found it with Grierson. The real relationship between film experimentation and what Grierson himself has unhesitatingly called the propaganda film is complex; yet this much appears true: the realist-film school in England was always so concerned with presenting its ideas and its material to the public that it gladly opened its mind and heart to many kinds of exploration in new film forms and techniques to assist in an increasingly effective presentation. In contrast, Hollywood is almost exclusively concerned with keeping a firm grasp on

*A GRAMMAR OF THE FILM. By Raymond Spottiswoode. Berkeley: University of California Press. 328 pp. $3.75.

†THE FILM TILL NOW. By Paul Rotha, in collaboration with Richard Griffith. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 755 pp. $12.

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proven "box - office" film forms.

True, the documentarians no longer use the same kind of approach to social problems. If we can agree on a definition of documentary—that it is primarily real material, as distinguished from fictional, set down and interpreted on film—we can see two new kinds of documentary films now being evolved. On one hand there is the personal document of experience ("The Quiet One," "The Feeling of Rejection," etc.), and on the other hand, the art documentary ("1848," "The Loon's Necklace," "The Titan," etc.)

In both types of films new technique problems are being worked out. The personal documentaries in the fields of mental health, child care, and the like are based on new information supplied by psychiatrists and psychologists; they required dialogue and "story" in a real-life setting with real people; they present completely new problems of writing, directing, and editing. The art films, in interpreting and revitalizing motionless objects, retreat to the most basic film principles. Eisenstein may have used the most violent human emotions and actions in his films, but he brought them to a complete standstill by isolating frame from frame, so that he could put these still pictures together again at a pace and in a sequence which produced the effects he wanted. Since the motion-picture industry does not indulge in the task of experimenting and testing new film ideas and values, where else can the work be done except in the "little film"?

Nontheatrical distribution becomes more significant, too, after reading Rotha and Spottiswoode, for there is a vast audience apparently intentionally deprived of the kind of films it wants to see. Rotha quotes at length from an editorial in the *Motion Picture Herald*, which identifies the best movie customer as "a person of nineteen years" and states that it would be "most unprofitable for the motion picture to seek out the genuinely mature instincts. . . ." With this as the film-exhibitor's dictum, it is no wonder that the creative film maker not only must produce his films away from the large studios, but also must turn to ready-made audiences outside the theatre—in clubs, museums, colleges, and so on—and welcome the growing audiences in film societies and such groups as Cinema 16 in New York.

Whether making films, showing them, or writing them, the explorer is seldom to be envied. But without him no new roads would be built. Spottiswoode and Rotha, in their separate film studies, help make the pathways, the highways, and even the dead-ends, more meaningful.

—CECILE STARR.

The Film Forum

PRIMITIVE ARTS — ***The Saturday Review's* Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

THIS CHARMING COUPLE (19 min.)
MARRIAGE TODAY (22 min.)
CHOOSING FOR HAPPINESS (14 min.)
IT TAKES ALL KINDS (20 min.)
WHO'S BOSS? (16 min.)
Produced by Affiliated Film Producers for McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y. For rental, consult nearby educational or commercial film libraries.

This series of films was made for discussion use in college and upper high-school classes in connection with Henry Bowman's textbook "Marriage for Moderns." Typical American homes and situations were chosen to help deglamorize the typical youngster's notions about love and marriage, in offering material for a positive approach to solving marriage problems *before* they happen. So important is the subject and so novel its treatment in these films that they have been widely screened by groups other than the colleges and schools for which they were primarily intended. In comparing them with other films by Producer Irving Jacoby, Directors Willard Van Dyke and Alexander Hammid, and Photographer Peter Gushanok, we are apt to lose sight of the fact that these are educational films. Although they do not achieve the excellence of such films as "Valley Town," "Valley of the Tennessee," "The Pale Horseman," and other landmark documentaries made by these men, as teaching aids they set a new high.

"This Charming Couple" reviews our alarming divorce rate, which increases sharply with every new set of statistics. The film singles out one unhappy couple, Winnie and Ken, now face to face with the failure of their marriage. But the film reminds us that before they were bride and groom they were "in love," and it flashes back to scenes of their courtship. There were misunderstandings based on greatly differing interests and backgrounds, quarrels based on selfishness and lack of understanding. There were also the lovely days when it was easier to forget problems than face them.

"This Charming Couple" is a most provocative introduction to marriage problems. Expertly directed, well acted (especially by Winnie), and sensitively photographed, it is this reviewer's choice as the best in the series. An appealing touch is added by the effective use of a folk ballad with a truly haunting refrain—"For I was nothing to him, and he was the world to me."

"Marriage Today" is not so successful a film. In an effort to present a three-way contrast of the economic and social realities of the present day, one young couple's dream of living in a love-nest, and two successful marriages, the film has bitten off a good deal more than most audiences can chew. The Burns and the Hartfords, however, do come over as two credible couples who realized that marriage is, first of all, an adult undertaking in a real world.

"Choosing for Happiness" is of major interest to high-school and college girls. Eve has a lot of boy friends at school, but none of them seems to last for very long. Her cousin Mary listens sympathetically as Eve describes them and their shortcomings. Only when Eve begins to understand her own selfish and demanding behavior does she see that she has been expecting too much from other people.

A humorous touch is introduced in "It Takes All Kinds," elaborating upon differences in behavior and personality by showing how a number of young people react to the frustration of running out of gas on a lonely road (in broad daylight by the way). Mac, the inevitable boss; Irene, the peevish girl who must have her own way; Lily, who makes the best of everything; Gerald, the strong silent type—they and the others are all distinct personalities, and each has his own values. The world is full of people, and everyone has the right to choose among them. But, the film reminds us, the important thing is to know what you are getting when you ask for that one "special" person.

"Who's Boss?" ends the series with the problem of two successful careers in one family, and solves it on the basis of partnership instead of competition. Ginny and Mike Jackson go through the kind of quarrels and reconciliations that are familiar to us all. Both of them are able to make concessions down the line, and manage to win the struggle to preserve their marriage.

The acting, by nonprofessionals, is uneven—often exceptionally good and sometimes falling flat. The real importance of these films lies in the fact that they are among the first to deal honestly with some of the human-relations problems which this younger generation must attempt to solve. One tendency throughout the films which bothered this reviewer is the fact that the leading women in the films seem excessively dominant. Winnie is the girl who always gets what she wants, including Ken; Phyllis Burns helps her husband with his work and acts as his conscience in the final scene; Kathy Hartford is more intellectual and sensitive than Frank; Eve quite obviously dominates men, and even her good cousin Mary seems to get along well because she knows how to dominate in the right way; and in the last film it is Ginny who has the more successful career. Undoubtedly there is room for many more marriage films.

—C. S.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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AN EXCITING TIME

IT IS possible as October comes along to get a sense of the whole mass of books for boys and girls as they have been published throughout the year. This year there are some that are so "different" and so distinguished that a reviewer is tempted to give them a great deal of time and thought and to rather neglect the others. It takes time to appreciate books like Esther Averill's "King Philip," Anne Parrish's "The Story of Abbleby Capple," that fascinating new picture book called "The Two Reds," and Merritt Allen's fine saga of the Oregon Trail. And yet waiting for review are dozens of other books that will have a strong appeal to the varying interests and hobbies of American children. Only when they are put into the hands of these children will their true worth be proven. It is obvious by now that the Book Week exhibits in libraries and book shops and at the Book Fair here in New York will be even more striking than in previous years. Informed people who know the background of authors and artists will present the new books to parents and teachers all over the country. The Children's Book Council is ready at all times to recommend speakers. It is an exciting time in the world of children's books.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

SONG OF THE SEASONS. By Addison Webb. Illustrated by Charles L. Ripper. New York: William Morrow & Co. 127 pp. $2.50.

IN SIMPLE, beautiful prose an outstanding scientist here presents the world of nature as an integrated whole. Each insect, bird, and animal that is described takes its place in the pattern of life and in the scheme of nature. In each of the four chapters a different aspect of nature is shown:

> Springtime is the season for babies. Summer is the time for learning. Autumn is the season for feasting. Winter is the time for rest.

There are many delightful touches of humor, as natural as one finds through careful observation of living creatures. We learn about the hundred thousand workers that give the queen bee one hundred thousand mouthfuls of nectar every hour. "That is why she can lay so many eggs. She has a busy life but a tasty one." We read of the female frog who, along with the male, is "very fond of her children for breakfast, lunch, or supper"; of the racoon who, when he finds a hollow in a tree, moves in for the winter with his mate. "If there is room he permits his fat children to move in, too. If there is still room, he is joined by his fat father and his fat mother and their parents, too; that is, if they haven't been eaten yet by a hungry wolf."

We also read:

> A cover of ice silences the murmuring brook, and the waterfall hangs motionless.
>
> The sound heard most often now is the wild winter wind blowing over ice and snow.
>
> Everything is glad to turn in and rest.

This is a thrilling and beautiful book, filled with the drama and humor and mystery of nature and the variety of the changing seasons. It will appeal not only to the little child's sense of wonder, but to everyone of every age who loves the out-of-doors. The fine black and white illustrations on every page have the same reality and the poetic beauty of the text.

—RUTH HILL VIGUERS.

BETTER KNOWN AS JOHNNY APPLESEED. By Mabel Leigh Hunt. Illustrated by James Daugherty. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 212 pp. $2.50.

THROUGH classroom reading and the movies Johnny Appleseed is familiar, in part, to thousands of American boys and girls. This book will add to their knowledge since it integrates the legendary figure into the life of the pioneers and their geographical setting. In Miss Hunt's poetical prose we hear of Johnny's childhood in New England and of his travels, beginning when he was eighteen years of age. A detailed map guides us along his way through Ohio and Indiana. He emerges as a more complex character than stories of him heard here and there indicate. In this chronicle Johnny burns with a true mystic zeal and goes "in the service of God to all places in the West." He travels without a gun, in spite of wolves and other wild beasts, and in his love of animals and of nature seems a pioneer version of Saint Francis. He is indefatigable in his planting and tending of the orchards, but he also collects stories and heals the sick. Ballads are interwoven in the story, accounts of the time are quoted, and the second part of the book brings a collection of Johnny Appleseed's own tales based upon "truth and tradition." Miss Hunt has succeeded in linking Johnny with our own time by showing how he is honored today through memorial parks and apple festivals.

This reviewer hopes that Johnny's story will be enjoyed not only by American children, but that it will be made available to the boys and girls of Europe, revealing to them some of the less-known aspects of the rich American folklore. A stunning cover jacket, that shows Johnny striding along with free, bold steps, and many black and white drawings by a famous American artist add to the appeal of this absorbing story.

—BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

GANDHI: Fighter Without a Sword. By Jeanette Eaton. Illustrated by Ralph Ray. New York: William Morrow & Co. 253 pp. $3.

THE LIFE of a great man can be told again and again, for each story adds new touches to the picture. Miss Eaton, whose biographies are widely read by young and old, devotes a large section of her book to Gandhi's work in South Africa—the aspect of his life least known to the general reader. She shows Gandhi as the champion of thousands of downtrodden Indian workers and, as the years go by, exerting an increasing fascina-

—From "Better Known as Johnny Appleseed."

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tion on whoever came in touch with him—Hindu, Moslem, and even British. It is helpful to be reminded that throughout his fight for India's independence Gandhi preserved his integrity, remaining constantly faithful to his principles. One marvels, too, at the working of his clear, logical mind, developed by legal training. In some of the actions, like the Salt march, the little brown man with the great soul appears as a gigantic, epic figure. One is made to realize Gandhi's influence upon his household by the figure of the gentle Kasturbai, his wife, growing in understanding of his mission and dying in prison, one of his most ardent helpers. One meets, too, the young Nehru in his first contact with Gandhi. Years later, Nehru, India's new leader, announced Gandhi's death in unforgettable words to the Indian people. One hopes that this inspiring story, in which Gandhi lives again as hero, saint, and man, will be read by many young people for its own sake. It is an important record, too, because India is, in the drama of world history, more and more the leader of the East. Clear and expressive drawings by Ralph Ray are true to the spirit of this fine biography.

—B. W. S.

THE QUEEN ELIZABETH STORY. By Rosemary Sutliff. Illustrated by C. Walter Hodges. London: Oxford University Press. 208 *pp.* $2.

Perdita, the little daughter of the rector of Broomhill, lived in Devonshire in the days of Queen Elizabeth. This is the chronicle of a year out of her sheltered, happy life. It runs from her birthday on Midsummer's Day through the year to another birthday, when she saw and spoke to the Queen. It is a quiet, rather romantic story that girls will like better than boys. Lovely drawings illustrate it, perhaps the loveliest of all being the one that illustrates the story that Aunt Phoebe told to Perdita—the drawing of the Irish priest welcoming the four white swans who were the Children of Lir.

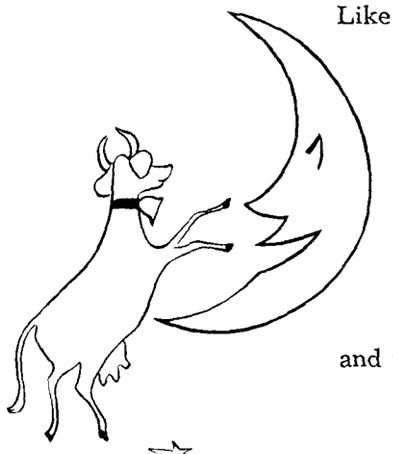
THE HOMEMADE YEAR. By Mildred Lawrence. With illustrations by Susanne Suba. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 217 *pp.* $2.25.

THIS story of Vicky, who spent a year with her cousins in the Pennsylvania Dutch country, is by the author of "Peachtree Island" and "Sand in Her Shoes." It has the same warmth and humor and the same happy characterization. Vicky is a city girl who has to learn the ways of country people. The old Dutch settlement made 200 years before by the early

Once upon a time . . .

(last year to be exact)

there was a textile manufacturer in England who liked to see children happy. He thought they would be happier if their little heads weren't filled with verses about blind mice who had their tails cut off, and Piper's sons who stole pigs, and dogs that went hungry because the cupboard was bare. So he rewrote some of the standard Mother Goose rhymes to make them jolly instead of cruel.



Like this:

Three kind mice, three kind mice,
See how they run, see how they run
They all ran up to the farmer's wife
She cut them some cheese with a carving knife
Did you ever see such a sight in your life as three kind mice?

and this:

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her dear dog a bone.
When she got there she found plenty to spare
And so the dear dog had one.

Now these jolly nursery rhymes—a hundred of the favorites—have been published in America. Beautifully illustrated in full color, they will be available in bookstores and on newsstands everywhere for 50c a copy. If you know children, have children or just love children, you'll want them to have

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pioneers, who called themselves the Felicity Society, is now a part of Aunt Jess's property, and it fascinates Vicky, who has a natural love for things historical. Helped by Rachel, the lonely little girl next door who wants to be an artist, Vicky fixes up the old building, adding one at a time the old ornaments and utensils, bringing life and color to the ancient rooms. Then Vicky has the brilliant idea of charging admission to see them, selling food and coffee and little hand-made things to the visitors. It works so well that the director of the state museum buys the old place and lets Aunt Jess and the children act as caretakers, which solves the problem of the payments on the farm. Vicky's father builds a house next door, Rachel goes to the city to study art, and Vicky settles down to be a country girl. The people in the story are very real: Vicky herself; the old German pedlar; Dot, with her impatience and her efficiency and loyalty; shy, sensitive Rachel. Susanne Suba has made pen and ink sketches of them and of the unusual background.

LUCKY DAYS FOR JOHNNY. By Irene Smith. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: McGraw-Hill. 64 *pp.* $1.75.

Younger boys and girls will be highly amused with young Johnny Buckley during his three "lucky days." Johnny found out that it was fun to ask his teacher to dinner on Friday, that Saturday on his Aunt Dell's farm was very exciting, that Sunday could be really thrilling when you went to walk with your uncle and met another uncle walking with your teacher. It was a "lucky day," too, when you were told that this same teacher would be yours not just for one term but for a long, long time. This is a friendly, happy story with black and white drawings by a favorite illustrator.

NINE TALES OF COYOTE. By Fran Martin. Pictures by Dorothy McEntee. New York: Harper & Bros. 64 *pp.* $2.

Ten full-page drawings in bright, rich color make this a striking book to come across in a book shop or a public library. The jacket drawing of a sly, black and white coyote against a red and yellow background is going to stand out dramatically when Book Week and its exhibits come around. The tales are well worth reading and listening to Mrs. Martin has kept them simple and direct in wording and there is folk humor in many of them. As far as this reviewer knows,

—From "The Queen Elizabeth Story."

they have not been told before for a wide audience. As a hero Coyote is sly and clever, original in his ideas, fearless in carrying them out. His adventures go back to the very early days of the continent of North America. This book is sure to find a place in the ever-growing collection of American folklore.

WHERE'S THE BUNNY? By Ruth Carroll. New York: Oxford University Press. No paging. $2.

Like all Ruth Carroll's books, this has an irresistible humor. It shows a game of hide-and-seek between an adorable brown and white puppy and a fuzzy gray rabbit. It is for very little children, who will love it.

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT. Told and cut in linoleum by Marcia Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. No paging. $1.75.

Marcia Brown's presentation of this famous old tale has the originality and distinction that we have learned

What a CAT!

Tigerish ideas were buried in his breast but his love of the arts and the ballet . . .

Read it to your children

"Punchy"

by JOYCE GOURFAIN
At your book store

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to expect from this young artist. The linoleum cuts are printed in a soft olive on heavy, cream-colored paper. They show Dick and his cat against a background of medieval London—the streets and shops, houses, the quay and the ship that took the renowned cat to the Barbary Coast, the wedding scene when Dick marries Alice Fitzwarren. One of the most appealing of the pictures is of Dick sleeping while the cat stands guard over him. No one could resist such a faithful and charming pussy! The text is worded from the very oldest versions, as clear and objective as a folktale should be. With its striking dust jacket this book will instantly attract boys and girls of varying ages.

ONE HORSE FARM. By Dahlov Ipcar. New York: Doubleday & Co. No paging. $2.

The artist who made these pictures is having an exhibit of her paintings this month at the Wellons Gallery. Printed in color with ice blue and brown predominating, they tell the story of Betty, the farm horse, who was born on the same day as the farmer's son, Johnny. The paintings and the easy-to-read and realistic text follow the four seasons and Betty's contribution to the work of the farm as the seasons change. In the end Betty is replaced by a tractor and retires to the pasture to kick up her heels and be happy. It is an unusual and beautiful picture book.

ROSA-TOO-LITTLE. Story and pictures by Sue Felt. New York: Doubleday & Co. No paging. $2.

SUE FELT is a newcomer to the field of books for little children. This first book of hers shows great promise.

Rosa, whose people came from Puerto Rico, lived on E. 110th St., Manhattan. So many things that her brothers and sisters and her older playmates did Rosa could not do—because she was "too little." Most maddening of all, Rosa was too little to join the public library, to write her name in the registration book and become a "real" member. It is evident from Miss Felt's drawing that the library is the Aguilar Branch on the same street on which Rosa lived. So, during the long, hot summer Rosa's mother taught her to write her name. It was a secret between them, which shows how very wise Rosa's mother was. When fall came and the older children flocked to the library, Rosa went, too, and to the surprise of everyone, including the children's librarian, Rosa wrote her name, was given a card, and proudly took home her first book. It is a slight story, but it tells with humor and understanding of an important event in the life of a new American citizen. Miss Felt has caught, to an unusual degree, the children of New York's Upper East Side, the boys playing under a cool stream of water from the hydrant, the children caring for pigeons on the tenement roof, the broad steps of the public library, where they congregate after school. This is the way of life of hundreds of Manhattan's children. It is good to have one adventure told and pictured so well.

PASSAGE TO AMERICA. By Katherine B. Shippen. New York: Harper & Bros. 224 pp. $2.50.

INDIVIDUALS and organizations that are striving to interest other parts of the world in American ideals should consider planting a million or so copies of this book among the youngsters of all nations.

"Passage to America" was not written as propaganda, yet its very nature makes it a weapon fitted to any hand that is raised in the fight for freedom. It is the story of the migration of people who came to America searching for and, in a large sense, finding the things denied them at home. Always it was sorrow and suffering that sent them here, religious persecution in Holland, the Napoleonic wars in France, famine in Sweden and Ireland, industrial revolution in Germany, hopeless poverty in Italy, Russia, and the Orient. The causes of their misery are carefully and truthfully explained with admirable clarity and restraint. What they found when they got here and what they received from and gave to the land of their adoption are told with full justice to all concerned.

It is good in these days to find a book that in strong but not bitter style denounces tyranny and, without any frantic flag-waving, upholds the democratic way of life. Here, in no pedantic manner, children are told and adults reminded that in 1215 the Magna Charta provided that a man could not be imprisoned without just cause and that he had a right to be tried by a jury of his peers.

Again without preaching, it is shown that our present school system stems back to English puritanism, which required every man to read the Bible for himself, thus making it necessary that all be taught to read. Free of bias and favor to race or religion, this outstanding book tells how the people of the world crossed the oceans to America, where each was changed by the other, losing its identity and creating "a new race of men."

—MERRITT P. ALLEN.

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(Continued on page 54)

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(Continued from page 53)

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BORED SIMPLE COUNTRY GIRL invites correspondence mature gentleman. Box 868-D.

3 ALL 'ROUND GALS invites round robin correspondence from 3 ditto men. Box 869-D.

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WORLD TRAVELED LADY welcomes correspondence from mature professional gentleman. Box 872-D.

MATURE MAN of naturally friendly disposition, having some unused time, would like correspondence with some friendly-minded women. Box 873-D.

BUSYBODY wants mail from adventurous, intelligent lady. Box 874-D.

MACBETH—II,ii,60 (Harvey emendation)
"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green run red."

CONGENIAL WOMAN, active mentally and physically, invites correspondence from mature man of integrity. Box 877-D.

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DESIGNER WELCOMES MAIL from an urbane, cheerful lassie. Box 879-D.

FAIRLY PLEASANT, responsible, interesting, urban man, volunteers correspondence with stimulating feminine counterpart. Box 880-D.

PERSONALS

CONGENIAL, personable, highly efficient widow, cultural interests, middle-aged, youthful, desires position companion, secretary or housekeeper. Box 881-D.

SEMI-INDEPENDENT WOMAN with good family and social background, interested in homemaking and civilized living, desires correspondence with male of similar status. Box 882-D.

QUIET, YOUNG PROFESSIONAL MAN invites correspondence with interesting individual. Box 883-D.

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NURSE, licensed, practical, middle-aged, wants position with elderly gentleman needing nursing and light secretarial service. Unencumbered. Box 885-D.

QUIET, CONTEMPLATIVE, COUNTRIFIED, ex-urbanite invites young, sensitive, irreverent feminine correspondence. Box 886-D.

WOULD WRITE free-thinking, socialistic, city-hating people: writers, artists, thinkers. Object: bomb-free, Thoreauan colony, creative living. Box 887-D.

COULD YOU USE A "PAIR FRIDAY"? Retired business couple, 47 and 50-ish, future stymied by war restrictions, seeks household position of trust and responsibility. Could relieve busy professional couple of details and chores of keeping household machinery well oiled, efficient, including chauffering, personal services, household repairs, exquisite cooking, expert secretarial service. Travel anywhere. Highest business, personal references. Box 888-D.

BUSINESS WOMAN wishes to correspond with gentleman, good background. Box 889-D.

REFINED, CULTURED LADY, well-traveled, interested arts, with good sense of humor, seeks correspondence with mature gentleman. Box 890-D.

LADY, refined, Swiss-American, widely traveled, artistic background, prefers gracious country living, seeks correspondence with mature stable gentleman. Box 891-D.

YOUNG MAN wishes correspondence, young lady, kind, likeable. Box 892-D.

If you are "A GENTLEMAN WITH OLD FASHIONED IDEAS," "THE BEST THING FOR YOU WOULD BE ME," as a correspondent. Box 893-D.

YOUNG WOMAN, intelligent, highly educated, esthetic interests, good sense of humor, desires correspondence mature gentleman, similar qualities. Box 895-D.

MALE, ex-Navy, seen the world, finds civilian life dull, desires lively, amusing correspondence. Box 896-D.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 865

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Strategic base in Civil War in West Virginia, at confluence of Potomac and Shenandoah (2 wds.).	10 119 92 66 133 127 8 114 83 14 / 146 100
B. Exclamation of surprise or astonishment.	176 22 11 90 132 75 5 154 129 156 / 47 99 12
C. A leopard-sized cat in Asia and Africa.	111 46 2 74 131 38 59
D. Mountain peak in S. Colorado, 14,125 ft. (2 wds.).	113 43 149 28 60 179 71 108
E. The Mercury of the Gauls Celtic relig.; var. sp.).	44 170 96 1
F. Doleful.	115 143 145 172 33 25 95 49 78 84
G. To reverence to adoration.	162 39 180 48 158 107 88
H. A structure that is not derived from similar structure in an ancestor (biol.).	157 57 171 140 169 65 161 82
I. Author of elegiac poem "Adonais," on the death of Keats, 1821.	144 94 163 77 134 160 69
J. Death of the gods.	81 21 128 123 87 173 174 130 35
K. Author of "Under Two Flags," "Bimbi," etc. (pseudonym).	62 150 116 53 147
L. Having an end or purpose in, and not apart from, itself.	86 181 36 142 20 16 31 98 79
M. In Japanese costume and decorative art, a small object carved in ivory, etc., pierced with holes.	148 52 13 89 124 80 64
N. Religious tragedy by Racine, based on a Biblical episode, 1691.	178 72 97 29 67 6 166
O. First name of author of "Testament of Youth," 1933.	63 4 164 106
P. To enrich or furnish with a quality or faculty.	42 151 137 139 125
Q. A sealskin coat (Esk.).	120 112 45 165 73 155
R. American chemist, Nobel Prize, 1934 (1893-).	102 37 70 168
S. Uncanny (var. sp.).	15 27 105 183
T. Overscrupulous (comp.).	41 23 109 50 153 85 30 68 56 118 / 167
U. The mullein (2 wds.).	138 126 17 7 3 32 182 9 136 175 / 19
V. Markedly deviating from the normal or standard.	101 159 117 61 122 141 91
W. Systematically instructed again.	76 40 26 54 34 104 110 152 93 51
X. Like a beast; savage.	58 24 135 103 177 18 55 121

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram. When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 E	2 C	3 U	4 O	■	5 B	6 N	7 U	8 A	■	9 U
10 A	11 B	■	12 B	13 M	14 A	15 S	16 L	17 U	■	18 X	19 U	■	20 L	21 J	22 B	■		
23 T	24 X	25 F	26 W	27 S	■	28 D	29 N	30 T	31 L	32 U	■	33 F	34 W	35 J	■	36 L		
37 R	38 C	39 G	40 W	■	41 T	42 P	43 D	44 E	■	45 Q	46 C	47 B	■	48 G	49 F	50 T		
51 W	52 M	53 K	■	54 W	55 X	56 T	57 H	■	58 X	59 C	60 D	61 V	■	62 K	63 O	64 M		
65 H	66 A	67 N	68 T	69 I	70 R	71 D	■	72 N	73 Q	74 C	75 B	76 W	■	77 I	78 F	79 L		
80 M	■	81 J	82 H	83 A	■	84 F	85 T	86 L	87 J	88 G	89 M	■	90 B	91 V	92 A	93 W		
■	94 I	95 F	96 E	97 N	■	98 L	99 B	■	100 A	101 V	102 R	103 X	■	104 W	105 S	106 O		
107 G	108 D	■	109 T	110 W	111 C	112 Q	■	113 D	114 A	■	115 F	116 K	117 V	118 T	■	119 A		
120 Q	121 X	■	122 V	123 J	124 M	■	125 P	126 U	127 A	128 J	■	129 B	130 J	■	131 C	132 B		
133 A	■	134 I	135 X	136 U	137 P	■	138 U	139 P	140 H	141 V	142 L	143 F	144 I	■	145 F	146 A		
147 K	148 M	149 D	■	150 K	151 P	152 W	153 T	154 B	■	155 Q	■	156 B	157 H	158 G	159 V	160 I		
■	161 H	162 G	163 I	164 O	165 Q	166 N	167 T	■	168 R	169 H	170 E	■	171 H	172 F	173 J	■		
174 J	175 U	■	176 B	177 X	178 N	179 D	180 G	181 L	182 U	183 S	■	■	■	■	■	■		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 19 of this issue.

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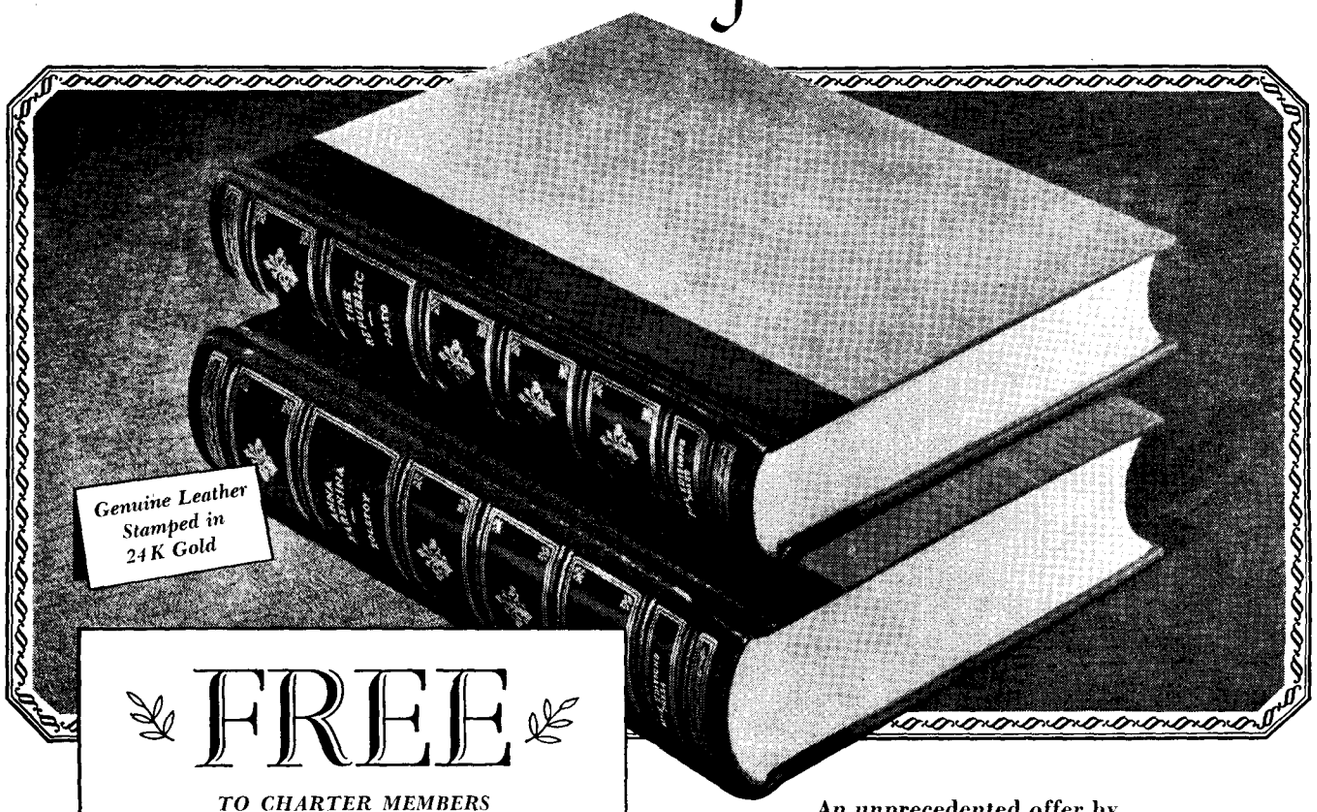

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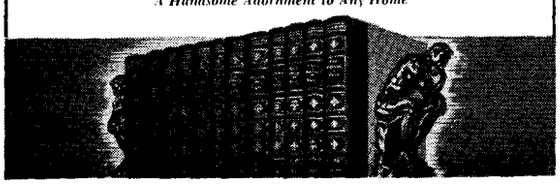

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